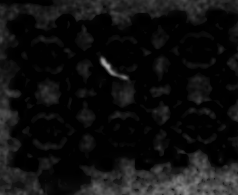


# THE HLE OF GVL.

As it hath been often playd in the blacke  
Fryars, by the Children of  
the Reuch.

*Written by John Day.*



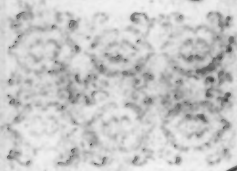
Imprinted at London, and are to bee  
sold by Iohn Hodgkins in Pauls Church-  
yard. 1606.

# THE LIFE OF GALT

As it hath been often played in the City  
By the Children of the Hospital of  
St. Dunstons

Written by I. D. D.

*London*



Printed by J. D. D.  
at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church  
Lane, London

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Enter severally 3. Gentlemen, as to see a play.*

1 **H** Ow now gallants, what ist? what ist?

2 *The Ile of Gulls.*

3 The Ile of Gulls, what should that be?

1 A play by the name, but come shals quarter our selves?

1 If some had had the wit to doe so in time, they might ha laude the hangman a labour. But come boy, furnish vs with stooles.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol.* Pardon me sir, my office is to speake a Prologue, not to provide you stooles.

1 And you were the Epilogue to sir-

2 Fie be not inciuill: dost heare youth, prethe whats he that discouerd your new found Land, the Ile of Gulls? what is hee?

*Prol.* A meere stranger sir.

3 A stranger? the better welcome: comes hee East-ward, West-ward, or North-ward hee?

*Prol.* None of the three waies I assure you.

1 Prethe where is he?

*Prol.* Not on his knees in a corner, to *Apollo* praying that his play may hold in a good hand at Passadge, nor on the stage amongst gallants, preparing a bespoke Plaudue; but close in his studie writing hard, to get him a handsome suite against Sommer.

2 And where sits his friends? hath he not a prepard company of gallants, to aplaud his iests, and grace out his play.

*Prol.* None I protest: Doe Poets vse to bespeake their Auditory.

2 The best in grace doe, and but for that, some that I know, had neuer had their grace in Poetry till this day.

*Prol.* Then must our Author looke for a certaine disgrace, for he is altogether vnfurnisht of such a friendly audience.

1 Then he must lay his tryall vpon God and good wits. But why doth he call his play *The Ile of Gulls*, it begets much expectation.

*Prol.* Not out of any dogged disposition, nor that it figures an certaine state, or priuate gouernment: farre be that supposition f

## The Ile of Gulls.

the thought of any indifferent Auditor: and the argument being a little string or Riuolet, drawne frō the full streine of the right worthy Gentleman, Sir *Phillip Sydney* well knowne Archadea, confirms it: onely a Duke to make tryall of certaint experiments, retires with his retinue into a Namelesse desert. Now as well for fashion sake, as that all those which haue to doe in that desert, are guld in the reach of their hopes, therefore hee calls it, (and as hee presumes, not impropertie) *The Ile of Gulls.*

1 Out a question he hath promised thee some fee, thou pleadest so hard for him, but and he be a right Poet hee will neuer performe it. But what method obserues hee in his play, ist any thing Criticall? Are Lawyers fees, and Cittizens wines laid open in it: I loue to heare vice anotomized, & abuse let blood in the maister vaine, is there any great mans life charactred int?

*Pro.* None I protest sir, only in the person of *Dametrius* he expresses to the life the monstrous and deformed shape of vice, as well to beget a loathing of abuse, as that his villanie may giue the greater luster to the vertuous dispositions of true-borne gentilitie.

1 All thats nothing to mee, and there be not Wormewood water and Copperet int; Ile not like it, should *Apollo* write it, and *Rosius* himselfe act it.

2 Fie vpon thee, thou art too too Criticall: is there any good bawdity int, iests of an ell deepe, and a fathome broad, good cuckolding, may a couple of young-letters vp learne to doe well int? Giue me a secarie of venery, that will make a mans spirits stand on theyr sypha toes, and die his blood in a deepe scarlet; like your *Onid's Art Amandi*, there flowes the true Spring-head of Poetry, and the verie Christall fount of Parnassus.

*Pro.* Chast eares would neuer endure it sir.

2 Chast eares, now deafenesight vppon em, what should chast eares doe at a play.

3 Tis strange now, I am of neither a both your opinions, I like neither rayling nor bawdry: no, giue mee a stately pend historie, as thus, *The rugged winds, with rude and ragged ruffes. &c.*

2 Fie vpon, meere Fustian; I had rather heare two good bawdie iests, then a whole play of such teare-cat thunderclaps.

*Pro.* Alas Gentlemen, how ist possible to content you? you will be rayling, and inuectiues, which our Authour neither dares, nor affects:



## The Ile of Gulls.

affects: you baudy and scurrillists, which neither becomes his modestie to write, nor the eare of a generous Auditor to heare: you must ha swelling comparisons, and bumbast Epithites, which are as fit for the body of a Comedie, as *Hercules* shooe for the foote of a Pygme: yet all thesewe must haue, and all in one play; or tis already condemn'd to the hell of eternall disgrace.

1 Looke toot, if there be not gall int, it shall not passe.

2 If it be not baudie, tis impossible to passe.

3 If it be both Criticall and baudy, if it be not high written, both your Poet and the house to, loose a friend of me.

*Prol.* Nay I beseech you sir, if you be his friend, stand so to him still, for he hath too many enemies already, in whose iudgements, he and his labours stand excommunicate, as though unworthy to present themselves in this assembly.

1 Enemies, nays foote then theres some hope in's play, for Enuie neuer workes but against desert and merit. If hee be enuied theres some worth in him, and Ile see out his play for that onely.

2 Faith and Ile see an act or two out, but I tell you afore-hand I cannot see it out.

3 Not see it out? your reason.

2 Fore God I lay in bed till past three a clock, slept out my dinner, and my stomacke will toulde to supper afore siue, therefore you must pardon me.

*Prol.* Either see it all or none; for tis growne into a custome at playes, if any one rise (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious businessoeuer, therest thinking it in dislike of the play, tho he neuer thinks it, cry mew, by Iesus vilde; and leaue the poore hartlesse children to speake their Epilogue to the emptie seates.

3 Why doost thinke thy audience like a flock of sheepe, that one cannot leape ouer a hedge, but all the rest will follow, they ha more of reason in them then so.

2 Well, Ile sit out the play, and be but to auoyd that sheepish imputation, but see it be baudy, or by this light I and all my friends will

*Prol.* You should not deale gentleman-like with vs cle. *(hisse.)*

*Prologue.*

The miserie that waites vpon the pen  
Of the best Writers, iudge it gentlemen,  
Let them expresse the very soule of wit,

## The fle of Gulls.

And want Opinions voice to countenance it,  
Tis like the idle buzzing of a flie,  
Heard, not regarded: wretched Poetrie:  
If a write mirth, tis Rybaldry, and meane,  
Scorne of chaste eares. If he compose a Scene  
Of high writ Poesie, siting a true stage,  
Tis counted fustian: If portick rage  
Strike at abuse, or ope the vaine of sinne,  
He is straight inform'd against for libelling.  
Neither quick mirth, inuective, nor high state,  
Can content all: such is the boundlesse hate  
Of a confus'd Audience: Then we  
That scarcely know the rules of Poesie  
Cannot scape check. Yet this our comfort is,  
The wise will smile to heare th'impartiall hiss.  
We neither bragge, nor tremble, faint nor intreat,  
Our merriis nothing, yet our hopes are great,  
Yet this our Author bad me boldly speake,  
His play shall passe, let Envie swell and breake,  
Detraction he scornes, honours the best,  
Tanti for hate; thus low to all the rest.

Exit.

Actus primi. scena prima.

*Enter Bassus, Gynetia, Hipolita, Violetta, Lord attendants.*

*Bass.* Welcom gallants, welcom honord bloods; the reason that we have vncloth'd vs of our princely government in Arcadia, and haue to doe with this private retirement heere in this desert Ile, you shall find in that shedule, onely thus much for publique satisfaction: Tis not strange to you, that the choicest treasure Nature indow'd vs with, is mynde vp in the vaines of my two daughters: howe much their quiet, and the smothe streame of our government in Arcadia, was troubled by the impetuous concourse of vnruly sisters, is familiar with your knowledge; this to auoide, I haue for my Image there in my absence appointed my brother, and vnderooke this private retirement.

*Gy.* Why my lord, are you so couetous of your daughters beauties, that their perfections shall be a meanes to hinder their preferment?

*Bass.* Rather to further it faire Queene: they are the onely pearles of our age, and to see them well set in honourable and wel-befitting marriage,

## The Ile of Gulls.

Marriage, is our wishes happines.

To which effect we haue sent a generall challenge

To all the youthfull bloods of Affrica,

That whosoever (borne of princely stem)

Dares foote the bosome of this desert Ile,

(The stage where Ile performs this louters prize)

And by his wit and actiue pollicie,

Wooe, win, intice, or any way defeat

Me of my charge, my daughters of their harts,

Shall with their loues weare my imperiall crowne

Wreathe of their conquest.

*Hip.* A prize, a prize, rare worke for Fencers.

*Viol.* What coward would not venter a crackt crowne for such a

*Basil.* To that intent our Iland is fenc't in (beotie?)

By sea and Land, and at each corner built

A Castle for defence, which like great men

Doe ouer-look Archadea: ouer which,

We haue appointed Captaines. More to desire,

Is more then we are willing to discouer.

*Hip.* Well then sister, I see we must to hap-hazard for husbands.

*Viol.* God send me one with a good face and I care not.

*Hip.* Loue and be thy will, send mee one with a fayre table in his forehead, like Time.

*Viol.* Nay, and his face be good, let mee alone to tricke his forehead, a country-gentlewoman taught me how: But father I wonder how you dare vndertake such a peremptory challenge against all comers, considering you haue beene so long troubled with an Ague.

*Basil.* An ague? what ague?

*Hip.* VVhy your quondian, *Dametas* the Court surfet, hee that dwells in your eye, like a disease in your blood.

*Viol.* And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomackt, it would neuer digest such Almes-basket-scrapes, the very fall & garbidge of gentry; se vpon him, he becomes the great chamber worke then a Gentleman-vther with wry legges.

*Hip.* He's the most mishapen face of gentility that euer the Court wore.

*Viol.* Had hee not beene of my fathers owne making, I should ha condemned his taylor for an exceeding botcher.

*Basil.*

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Basl.* If you retaine the loue of children, or the dorie of subiects, expresse it in your obedience, we know *Demetas* loues vs.

*Viler.* As Captaines and Courtiers do old widdowes, for profit and preferment.

*Basl.* In signe whereof we make him.

*Hip.* Nay, you haue bestowed too much of the making of him vp already.

*Viol.* The very making of him vp, has stood you in more then the whole out sides worth.

*Basl.* In my free thoughts you wrong him, therefore to expresse our loue, and to giue the world publique note of his loyalty, we create him your Gardian.

*Viol.* How father, my Gardian.

*Basl.* I mynion, yours.

*Viol.* Doe you heare father, bid him bespeake Spectacles, for my fingers haue vowd to haue a blind march with his eyes.

*Basl.* Well said Haggart, Ile make your proud hart stoope to the lure of obedience. But come, by this time our challenge is publisht, and our gallants wits sweating in the field of Inuention, and it behouers vs not to rest vnexercised.

So to our lodge, in the meane time be it knowne,

Our breath has power to raise, or cast men downe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Captaines.*

*1 Cap.* Now Captaine Obseruation, times bawde, thou that hast kept the Ages doore, whilst vp-start basenes crept into the bedde of greatnesse, what doost thou thinke of this change?

*2 Cap.* That it pleased the Duke, and becomes not subiects to examine his actions.

*1 Cap.* Thats no part of my meaning, yet would I gladly be better instructed why the Duke broke vp his Court in Archadea, and remoned it into this Iland?

*2 Cap.* I am not Secretarie to his thoughts, but the generall rumour is, that out of the freenes of his spirit, hee hath sent a challenge to all his neighbor Princes, that who soeuer (within a twelue month) can defeat him of his daughters, shall with theyr Iones, enjoy his dukedome, the garland proposde for the victors.

*1 Cap.* Your words throw sence into mee, and thats the cause the Iland is so surely guarded with watch-towers, ouer which our sel-

## The Ile of Gulls.

and other Captaines haue the charge.

2 *Cap.* And to the end, that not affection, but desert may prooue victor, are the two Ladies so narrowly obseru'd, the one neuer out of the eye of her Father, the other continually in the lodge of *Dametaz*, the Dukes chiefe director.

1 *Cap.* If inquisitiuenesse be not too bolde a guest, what doe you thinke of *Dametaz*.

2 *Cap.* As of a little hillock, made great with others ruines.

1 *Cap.* Your comparison holds, for by report, his avarice has vnmade many to make him vp.

2 *Cap.* How did he first stumble on the Princes fauour?

1 *Cap.* As some doe vpon offices, by fortune and flatterie, or as truth saies, the Prince hauing one day lost his way, wandering in the woods found this *Dametaz*, affected his discourse, tooke him along to the Court, and like great men in loue with their owne dooings, countenanced his defects, gaue him offices, titles, and all the additions that gee to the making vp of a man worshipfull.

2 *Cap.* I cannot but commend the Duke for raising him, nor yet praise him, that he proportions not his carriage answerable to his fortunes.

1 *Cap.* Your thoughts and mine are twynnes in that: but I heare the warning bell, some strangers are arriued.

2 *Cap.* Lets to our office then, and conduct them to *Dametaz*, whose custome is to spee & hem, whilst his scribe *Maioir* takes theyr Examinations.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Dametaz and Manasses.*

*Dame.* *Manasses*, how doost like my play at Tennys?

*Manaf.* You play well Sir, but you loose still.

*Dame.* Pollicie *Manasses*. pollicie, for when any man vpbraides me with my gettings at Court, I may sweare trulie I haue lost more then I haue got bye.

*Manaf.* By the Tennis court I thinke you haue.

*Dame.* If by any Court, tis enough to saue mine oath.  
But what doe our spruce-witted gallants say of my bounty.

*Ma.* Faith sir according to the proportion of it, little or nothing, they say tis a banckrout, and dares not shew his head.

*Dame.* Then let em leaue telling at me, though it please the Duke for some fewe good parts that he sees in me, to make me his familiar,

## The Fle of Gulls.

I scorne to be publike, or euery Courtiers companion: but who comes heere?

*Enter the two Captaines, with Amintor & Iulio two Princes, attyred one like a poore souldior, the other like a poore scholler.*

The Captaines of the watch-towers? what newes with you.

1 Cap. A couple of pericioners, ant like your worship.

Dam. Had I best take theyr petitions *Manasses*?

Ma. O in any case, though you neuer peruse em, tis the onelie course in request.

Dam. Fellowes, deliuer your petitions to my scribe *Maioir*, and doft heare, put em vp *Manasses*, they may be wrongs to vs.

Manas. And they be, I hope they be not the first wrongs I haue put vp for your worship. *put vp their papers.*

1 Cap. That fellowes pocket is like a Taylers hell, it eates vp part of euery mans due: tis an Executioner, and makes away more innocent petitions in one yeere, then a red-headed hangman cuts ropes in an age.

Dam. Now, what are you sirra?

Amin. A poore souldier ant like your worship.

Da. Poore souldiers doe not like my worship, they are bad members.

Manas. Then if they had a woman to their Iudge, they should be sure to be cut off, for they cannot indure badde members in a Common-wealth.

Dam. What are you?

Iulio. A poore scholler, ant like your worship.

Dam. Poore schollers doe not like our worship neither, they raile against rich Cormorants, they are bad members to.

Manas. Cut them off both sir, and make the Land an Eunuch.

Dam. Ile take order with em I warrant thee, and I may haue my will, Ile ha neither poore scholler nor souldior about the Court.

1 Cap. The next way to make it the Ile of fooles.

Dam. Whats he talkes of fooles there? why how now sir, knowe you to whom you speake?

1 Cap. Cry your worship mercy, I had forgot your authoritie.

Dam. But I remember well enough I warrant you, I commaund you, in my name and the Dukes, to attend your gard, and you regard mee no more then a carelessse Lawyet doth an vndone elyant,  
but

## The Ile of Gulls.

but Ile informe : the Duke shall know, out, pack.

2 *Cap.* Command your slaves sir, we are gentlemen.

*Dam.* Why so I hope are wee sir, and of the best and last edition, of the Dukes owne making.

3 *Cap.* Cry your authoritie mercy, will you discharge vs of these

*Dam.* You are discharged, about your business, (passengers?)

1 *Cap.* Bad fate, that wrong should set his foote on right,

And true borne Eagles stoope to this base kyte, *Exeunt.*

*Dam.* What an excellent trade it is to be an officer maker, Ile have more officers, and one shall be to keepe schollers and souldiers out of the Court, for they dare not come in the great Chamber alreadie, for want of good clothes. But gods me *Manasse*, goe tell the Duke I must speake with him.

*Manas.* Presently sir, Ile go fetch the head to giue the foote a posset : and my maister had wit to his villanie, he would make an excellent dish for the hangman. *Exit.*

*Amin.* Right worshipfull.

*Dam.* I sir, I knowe my place is worshipfull, I tell thee knaue I could hang thee by my pattent, if it were granted once, Ile tell thee how it runnes, It allowes mee 24 knaues, 6 Kinghts, 10 fooles, 13 felons, and 14 traytors by the yeere, take em howe, why, when, and where I please.

*Iulio.* I doe not thinke the Duke will euer grant it.

*Dam.* Why not grant it? why should you thinke he wil not grant it. Such another word & Ile send you to Limbo instanthe.

*Amin.* We thanke you good *Dametas*. *discover themselves.*

*Iulio.* I hope youle take reasonable baile for our forth-coming.

*Amin.* The case is alterd with you since you came out of *Archades*.

*Dam.* My honorable friends, *Iulio* and *Aminiter*, my selfe and the best abilitie of my power, lies at your seruice.

*Amin.* You see how confidentlie wee presume vpon your Letters promise, in furthering vs to attaine the louners prize.

*Dam.* The Dukes daughters are your owne, and in a word thus shall you attaine em, some 3 daies hence I will appoint a hunting, to which I will invite the Duke & both his daughters : in this hunt will I vpon some suddaine occasion deuide the traine, and hauing singled out the two Does, I hope you haue wile enough to strike.

10 *Amin.* To strike, how meane you.



## The Fle of Gulls.

*Dametas.* As headsmen doe, of with their maiden-heads, or if the Duke offer resistance, of with his crowne to.

*Julio.* That were violence, & cleane opposite to the intent of the challenge.

*Dam.* Come ye are shallow, too't *vi et armis*, too't, Ile be your second, thinke of the crowne, ha my Letters trauald for you, my wit wrought for you, and my inuention sweat for you, to possesse you of your louts, and seate you in the Dukedome, & come you now with tis violence, and against the intent of the challenge, I am ashamd to heare you.

*Julio.* Nay *Dametas*, and your resolution be so forward, ours shal ouer-take you, wee doubred least the preferments your Lord hath heapt vpon you, had smotherd your affection to vs ward.

*Amin.* That was the father that begot the doubt in vs, you will appoint the hunt.

*Dam.* Seuer the Duke, deuide the traine, and then.

*Jul.* Wee ha your meaning.

*Dam.* Put it in execution then, but first entertaine some new disguise, as at our next meeting Ile informe you. Adieu, I shall thinke long till I see you agen.

*Exit.*

*Amin.* As a Lawyer doth for his clyant for a second fee. Heeres no *Iudas*?

*Julio.* Yes, and a damnd one to, for hee would betray and sell his Maister.

*Amin.* Tis common in such base fellowes, such Court-spyders, that weane their webbes of flatterie in the eares of greatnesse, if they can once entangle them in their quaint trecherie, they poyson em straight.

*Julio.* They are like vnecessary wormes, whō the son of greatnes creates of the grosse and slimie multitude, as soone as they recouer strength, they eate into the credite of true borne gentrie, vndermine and worke out the true nobilitie, to inroote & establish themselves.

*Amin.* And in the end, like *Esope* staru'd snake, having lapt the sweet milk of greatnes, made themselves strong in authoritie and friendes, they turne their stings of enuie into their preseruers bosome.

*Jul.* The example liues in this *Dametas*, who notwithstanding the Duke hath raisd him to that height that hee lookes equall with himselfe, yet for the base hops of incertaine gouernment, hee offers him



## The Ile of Gulls.

to sale, but let his treason live to the last minute.

*Amin.* For my part Ile make that vse of him that Phisitions do of  
poysen, vse as much of him as serues for mine honest intent, & cast  
downe the rest, as vnfit for any necessary imployment.

*Julio.* Let our carriage in this attempt put on no show of violence  
either to the Duke, or his daughters.

*Amin.* And let our discourse goe so smoothly appparelled, that  
it moue not the patience of the most tender care.

*Julio.* About it then, though his intent be base,  
Our enterprife shall weare a noble face. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lisander like an Amazon.*

*Lisan.* Archades, thou heauen, within whose sphere

The starre that guides my motion is fixt,

I court thy gracious bosome with a kisse

For this admittance: in thine amorous armes

Faire *Violetta*, sayre then the flower

That christned her, and grac't her with that name

Doe play the wanton

Onely her Father like a covetous Churle,

Owner of that vnaiewed Diamond,

Hash made this desert Ile th'vnwilling chest

In which he locks her. But the sayre advantage

Of this large challenge, and my starres to friend,

Ayded by this disguise, I shall breake ope

His yron Casket, and enlarge my hope.

*Enter Dametas, and Manasses.*

*Manas.* This way she went fir, this way.

*Dam.* But I say this way, I would thou shouldst know, weolde  
Courriers can hunt a Cony, and put her to the squeake, & make her  
cry out like a young married wife of the first night.

*Manas.* For more helps, as some of them haue done,  
But there she is.

*Dam.* Ile vpon her presently, doost heare me sirra, thou vessall of  
infirmite, woman; and by thy out-side little better then one of the  
wicked, come hether and show thy selfe before vs, show thy selfe be-  
fore *Dametas*.

*Lisan.* *Dametas*, *Lisander* then dissemble,  
For hee's the man must worke thy entrance.

## The Fle of Gulls.

*Dam.* What art thou, speake.

*Lisan.* My mother is the Queene of Amasons,  
My selfe a virgin, married vnto Aunes  
And bold archievements, who haue pac'd the world  
In quest of fayre *Antioke* my sister:  
And turning homeward, the inconstant windes  
And wrathfull *Neptune* cast me on this shore.

*Dame.* And whats your busines now you are landed?

*Lisan.* My busines is private with the Duke.

*Dam.* The Duke is busie, and shall speake with no body.

*Lisan.* I beseech you sir.

*Dam.* Tis no beseeching matter I assure you.

*Manaf.* No, neuer beseech for the matter, for except you could  
beseech with the tongue of Angels, tis to no purpose with him.

*Lisan.* Tis strange, I haue heard thy maister is a very good man  
where he takes.

*Manaf.* True, where he takes he is, but hee takes nothing of you,  
and therefore looke for no kindnesse from him.

*Lisan.* Good, and doost thou take after thy maister?

*Ma.* No madam, I take commonly afore my maister, for where  
he takes, he takes all, and leaues nothing for me to take.

*Lisan.* Oh, I feele your meaning.

*Ma.* Let my Maister haue some feeling of yours, and heele pre-  
fer your sute.

*Lisa.* Tis not the Dukes pleasure Petitioners should buy their  
accesse.

*Ma.* Als one, tis my maisters pleasure, and vsuall fashion.

*Lisan.* And I must maintaine the fashion. Worshipfull *Dametias*,  
my late shipwrack as you see, hath made a defeate both of my friends  
and treasure, notwithstanding, Fortune hath referu'd me one Jewell,  
which if I might request your worshippe in loue to accept, and be a  
meanes to worke my admittance to the Duke, I should betome a  
true detter to your loue.

*Dame.* VVell Madam, tho I hate nothing more then a man that  
takes brybes, yet prest by your importunie, and that you tender it  
in loue, least I might seeme too nice to withstand a Ladies fauour, Ile  
weare it for your sake, and if the Duke be not too busily imployd,  
worke your accesie.

*Lisan.*

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Lisan.* So dooing, you shall performe the office of a dere-bought friend.

*Exit Dametas.*

*Manaf.* How quickly the tyde's turnde, but doe you heare Madam, tho I take neither afore nor attet my Maister, yet take my counsell, & doe not trust my maister: If you haue a sute to the Duke keepe it to your selfe, for if you trust my maister with it, heele prefer it for you, but heele begd for himselfe.

*Lisan.* Thats plaine coofnage.

*Ma.* Fie no, tis cunning in him, marry twould bee though little better then coofnage in a country gentleman: but he returnes.

*Enter Dametas again.*

*Dam.* Madam, I haue beene earnest, very earnest with the Duke for your admittance.

*Lisan.* And haue you wrought it?

*Dam.* I haue, marry you must thinke I bestowd much labor int,

*Lisan.* Tmay be you did.

*Da.* Tmay be you did: & looke a seance like a Pothecaries wife pounding *Colliquintida*; haue my braines sweat for this.

*Lisan.* VVhy the Jewell is right *Dametas*, had I but an Assle that would sweat me such pearle.

*Dame.* An Assle? and sweat such pearle, Ile bar her admittance, heere take your Jewell, the Duke will allow no admittance, & I will keepe you backe.

*Lisan.* Keepe mee backe, thou couldst doe no more and I were a poore mans petitioner.

*Dame.* And Ile doe so much beeing a rich petitioner.

*Lisan.* You cannot fir. You Court spaniell, you vnneecessarie mulhrump, that in one night art sprung out of the roote of greatnes, I haue bought my admittance, and Ile hate in *dispetto del fato*.

*Da.* I must admit her, these Ladies are so inward with our tricks, theres no good to be done vppon them: well Madam, your admittance is open, will ye follow.

*Lisan.* With all my hart fir, Ile be the blind man and poore petitioner, and thou shalt play the Court spaniell with the silver bell, & I ead me into the Presence.

*Dam.* Court spaniell? mum: Ile besome what I thinke, Old Gibs not blind, I see, altho I winke.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Enter*

## The Fle of Gulls.

*Enter Demetrius a Prince, attyred like a wood-man,  
with him his Page.*

*Dem.* Boy, how doost like me in this attyre?

*Page.* As the audience doe a bad play, scuriously.

*Dem.* Is it not strange a prince should be thus metamorphosed?

*Page.* Not so strange as the metamorphosis of *Atar* and like your

*Dem.* Grace you Aggot: hast not forgot that yet? *(grate,*

*Page.* No, and yet tis a wonder I ha not. grace beeing so fildome  
wilde, I me sure they say none at some Ordenaries, for at sitting down  
they cannot intend it for hunger, and at rising vp, they are either  
drunke, or haue such mind a dice, they neuer remembest, my Lord  
then.

*Dem.* No more Lord, sirra.

*Page.* Indee de there are many already, but is not this strange, that  
rich men should forsake their titles & maister then.

*Dem.* Your will sir,

*Page.* You haue left many Countries behind you in seeking your  
friend *Lisander*, and yet you cannot find him. *Dem.* True sir.

*Page.* I ha scene much golde lying vppon Lombards stalls, and  
could neuer finger penny of it. *Deme.* Very well.

*Page.* Nay, twas not well sir.

*Dem.* What conclude you then?

*Page.* That you were best sit downe, and see what you ha got by  
your iourney.

*Deme.* I haue scene a face as beautifull as heauen.

*Page.* Thats nothing, a prisoner sees the face of heauen it selfe,  
when hee lookes but out at the prison-gate, He stand tooore, a man  
were as good be hangd, so a meet a handsome hangman, & a strong  
rope, as be in loue.

*Deme.* Your reason for that,

*Page.* Mary this sir, hanging is end of all troubles, & loue the be-  
ginning. Nay further, I think a *Love* cannot be sau'd, for hee is of all

*Dem.* Your proufe for that, *Page.* *(religions,*

*Page.* This hee thinks with the Atheist theres no G O D but his  
Mistris, with the Infidel no heauen but her smiles, with the papist no  
purgatory but her frownes, & with the familie of loue, hold it law-  
full to lie with her, though she be another mans wife.

*Dem.* So sir, what followes?

*Page.* Setuings men sir, the Maister goes in before his wife, & the  
seruing man followes his maister.

*Deme.*

## The Ile of Gulls

*Dem.* Syrra forbear, I must meditate.  
*Page* As the Vsurer before he part with money, meditate vpon the assurance.

*Enter Lisander privately, and enter-beares them.*  
*Lisan.* It *Discreet* presence ha not quench  
 The memory of all things but herselfe.  
 I should be more familiar with that face.

*Dem.* I haue left my country to seeke out my friend.  
*Lisan.* And I my country and my friend for loue.  
*Dem.* And in the search of him haue lost my selfe.

In the Strange Region of a womans eye.  
*Lisan.* In loue, and in Archadie.

*Dem.* As much as heauen transcends the humble earth,  
 So iouers her praise, her face differs as farre  
 From others, as a glo-worme from a starre.  
 She is a princesse that my soule affects.

*Dem.* Halfe heyre vnto this Dukedom.  
*Page* And shee were whole heyre to the foure morrall Venues,  
 neuer nothing: when shall I see the time that myn will loue for ver-  
 tue, or a rich heyre marry a poore wench without a portion, neuer I  
 thinke.

*Dem.* Had not my friend *Lisander*. *Lisan.* What of me?  
*Dem.* Let me in Thrice.

*Lisan.* We had neuer met in loue.  
 His sillables betray him, I arrest you.

*Dem.* At whole sute.  
*Page.* Not at his Taylers in any case: for theres no greater sinch to  
 a younger brothers conscience, then to pay for a sute of apparrell  
 when he waies out.

*Dem.* *Lisander* or his ghost.  
*Lisan.* *Demetrius*.

Or some illusive tenant in his shape.  
*Dem.* Vnkind, why didst thou leaue my company?

*Lisan.* For that which made the amorous Gods leaue heauen,  
 For loue: but why is *Demetrius* thus disguised?

*Page* For that which would make a lackanapes a Monkey, and he  
 would get it: a taylor. *Dem.* Peace rogues.

*Lisan.* Why wagge, is thy maister in loue?

*Page* Faith sir he hath entred his action in *Cupid* court, & meanes

## The Ile of Gulls.

to proceede in the sute it should seeme.

*Demet.* Why didst not take my counsell in thy choise?

*Lisan.* Because I feard a chiding, for doubting thine honourable thoughts would not haue consented to my effeminate attempts, I stole this secret course, and manner of disguise, as best helping to access, which it hath begot, now what access will bring forth I commit to vnborne Industry.

*Demet.* It cannot but be prosperous: onely the strict obseruance of our loues, hinders the passage of our hopes.

*Lisan.* Indeede that is not the least hinderance, yet the Duke himselfe, and my quaint disguise hath removed it out of my way, who not onely takes mee for a woman, but hath allowed mee for my loues companion.

*Dem.* Fortune deales kindly with thee, I am as farre from access to my loue, as when I was in Thrace.

*Lisan.* *Demetas* is the oyster shell that holds thy pearle, our wish must fish for him.

*Dem.* VVill the Coole head by.

*Lisan.* Like an old Vicer at a young heires inheritance, and I haue ready hookt for him: and ere he comes, my plot is to preferre thee to his seruice.

*Enter Demetras.*

*Dem.* Prethee doe, and Ile serue him in his right kinde.

*Lisan.* *Demetas*, my loue is yours.

*Demet.* VVhich madam I am as proud of.

*Manaf.* As a malecontent of a change, or a hold Lady of a new Fashion.

*Li.* To be roūd I haue a sute to you in the behalfe of this woodman.

*Da.* To me sweet blossom, tho I be somewhat strict in mine office, I cannot be stony to Ladies. Fellow is thy petition drawne?

*Dem.* Pericion.

*Manaf.* Your onely way to moue a fore by is humbly complaying to your good worshipping, O in most patiently, and indeed without money, can doe iust nothing with authoritie.

*Demet.* Coniecter rather stippling, whose some win thou?

*Dem.* I am no so wise a child as you take me for, I neuer knew my father.

*Manaf.* Didst not know thy father?

*Manaf.*

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Menaf.* A common fault, his betters forget themselves while they grow rich, then blame not him to forget his father.

*Dam.* V What was his name?

*Dam.* If I may give credit to my mother, they call him *Menafes*, who on his death-bed made mee his heire, with this charge, to seeke your worships service, & gaue me this gold as a remembrance to purchase your fauour.

*Dam.* Gold him?

*Ma.* Now doth my Maister long more to finger that gold, then a young girle married to an old man, dooth to ruine her husband? ashore at Cuckolds haugh.

*Dame.* Well, I could doe for this fatherlesse youth,

*Ma.* As many Execucions and Quetters haue doone, cheate him of his porcion, and then turne him out of doores a begging.

*Dam.* But for I haue the gardian ship of the Prince, I dare doe nothing without the consent of the Duke.

*Lisan.* Come come sir, your worship shall not refuse him.

*Dam.* Well then I wot not, but tis for your sake I assure you.

*Man.* Meaning the gold.

*Dam.* What shall I call thy name?

*Demi.* *Dorus* as like your worship.

*Da.* Ah, good *Dorus*, be an honest youth *Dorus*, reuerence your Maister, and loue your selfe; be sure to get vnder me, and you shall loose nothing in my seruice. Madam, the Duke and Dutches expect you at the hunt, & await your comming at Dianas oake.

*Lisan.* He attend them presently, be a good seruant *Dorus*.

*Dame.* I will be his owne another day Madam.

*Lisan.* In the meane time let it be yours to lead the way.

*Dametis.* My seruice doth attend you.

*Ma.* As the Pursuant doth the prisoner for a double fee. *Exit.*

*Dam.* Welcome slave to a slave, a layre prelage,  
The hope of loue sweetens loues vassalage. *Exit.*

*Enter Amintor and Iulio, attyred like Sanyers.*

*Amin.* Now & *Dametis* be the wettle he was stamp for, a right villaine.

*Iulio.* And he be not, hang him.

*Am.* Nay he deserves hanging to it he bee; but will you trust him?

*Iul.* Yes as farre as I see him, and hee that trusts him farther, my



## The Fle of Gulls.

trust is he will be deceiv'd.

*Amin:* Indeede, he that will proue false to his maker, will be true to no man.

*Iul:* Yes for the present time, like a bowde to him that gives most.

*Amin:* That's not for loue.

*Iul:* Yes of the mony: he that looks for other loue in this age.  
This is the place his Letter speakes of, and here he comes himselfe.

*Enter Dametas like a Huntsman.*

*Dam:* Why so lo: now is the web of my hopes vpon the loombe of perfection, and in this quench of fashies *Amin* and *Iul*,  
See and see not, all mum, you know your que,  
The games your owne, if you can hunt it true.

*Enter the Duke Bassilius.*

*Bass:* *Dametas*, were thine eares euer at a more muscally banquet:  
how the hounds mowthes like bells are tuned one vnder another like  
a slothfulness, the speed of the cry our-ran my sense of hearing.

*Dam:* Crosse ouer the Forrest to *Dianarooke* my hedge, & there  
your grace advantagde by the height of the ground, shall not onelic  
at pleasure heare, but be eye-witnes of their muscally contention.

*Bass:* Thanks good *Dametas*, be thy directions our wiues conuoy.

*Enter Gynetta, Violetta, and Hippolita.*

*Gyn:* Where is his highnes *Dametas*?

*Dam:* At *Adonis* bower Madam, where he expects your presence  
to see the fleshing of a couple of *Spartane* hounds, in the wasting  
blood of the spent Deare.

*Gyn:* Thanks good *Dametas*, mine eyes would not be good  
friends with my feete, should they not bring on to that kingly sport.

*Dam:* Sweet Ladies, to save you the expence of much breath,  
which must be laid out in the purchase of the game, I haue provided  
you this stand, from whence your eyes may be commanders of the  
sport: such sport as you little dreamt of.

*Viol:* We are your loues debtters kind *Dametas*.

As I loue vertue I pittie these poore beastes,  
These *Syluane* comoners, to see what taskes  
Our couetous Forresters impose vpon them  
Who not content with imposts of their breath  
(Poore harm,) pursue them smiling to their death.

*Dam:* T was the end of their creation Madam.

*Hippolita*



## The Ile of Gulls

*Hip.* So was the end of ours to live in peace,  
And not to tyrannise on harinless beastes,  
But Forresters, like Images set forth  
The tyrannie of greatness without pittie,  
As they the Deare, so covetous wealth pursues  
The trembling state of their inferiours,  
And to claspe vp the volume of their sinnes,  
They drinke theys blood, and clothe them with their skinner,  
Then cease to presse poore beastes with tyrannie,  
You loue your liues, thinke they are loth to die.

*Dam.* You are too tender-hearted to be a good huntswoman lady.

*Viol.* And some of you too hard-hearted, but leaving this discourse  
of hunting, haue all our gallantry of Lacedemon and Greece, spent  
the vigor of their wits, that not one dares venter.

*Hip.* For our loues sister, you may see the proper women, the  
wise lucks.

*Dam.* Tush you shall haue sisters, feare not madam.

*Hip.* No at any hand sister, for with a feare it comes.

*Viol.* Then Ile feare of purpose, because I would haue em come.

*Dam.* And they doe not, they are notable cowards.

*Hip.* Then let em keepe away still, for I haue vowed my maiden-  
head shall neuer doe homage to the bed of a coward.

*Dam.* Sweet Ladies, will you beguile a minute or two with this  
discourse, till I step vp to the top of the hill, and make discouerie of

*Viol.* Let your returne be speedy good *Dametia*. (the game,

*Dam.* Ile put on wings and flie. *Exit.*

*Viol.* Out of the Court, and the whole Country shall haue a good  
riddance.

*Amin.* So, hee hath put em faire to the stand, lets issue and surprise

*Julio.* Be resolute and suddaine. (them,

*Amin.* and *Julio*, issue out and beate them away.

*Viol.* Murder, treason, rescue, helpe.

*Enter first Dametia, and then the Duke.*

*Dam.* Yes much reskewe, much helpe, much *Dametia* why so,  
this iest was drawn home close to the head, it cannot chuse but cleaue  
the very white of our hopes, the Dukes wit up thy tackle good wit,  
some suddaine sea roome, or our stratagem is run a ground.

*Basil.* Tell me *Dametia*, was not the Deare a prodigall, did he not

# The Fle of Gallus

Spend his breath freely amongst them.

*Dam.* And his blood too my liege; but did you obserue how the hounds like politicians held our the game.

*Ba.* True: & comming to the losse *Adampas*, but where are our daughters?

*Da.* Did you obserue that my liege; that *Adampas* as a true hound is euer horse cleerd or hollow, yet he kept silence.

*Ba.* Certaine *Dametas*; but where are our daughters man?

*Da.* Busie my Lord vnder a brake bush; disposing of the vertue of sweet water, and ground Iuice.

*Ba.* V What cry of treason that *Dabman* for to make him a

Pray God no danger fers upon my daughters, Seeke out our wife, He hath vnto their reskew,

*Da.* And my sword vnder employd; all this space I say as that my Liege, I am for the adventure my selfe, if they bee surpris'd (I am a mad man) your grace shall haue more: I find (I say) his more (forrie) your grace shall haue more to make peace with your thoughts till my returne, and doubt not their recovery.

*Enter the Duke with her daughters, Damsels, &c.*

*Gyn.* Speake, where's the Duke?

*Ba.* Heere my Gentie.

What meane these weapons; are our daughters safe?

*Da.* As a thiefe in a thill father, we thank our redemptors.

*Dam.* The more my griefe, were you surpris'd then spoild?

*Ba.* Yes sayth *Dametas*.

*Da.* And how sweet Ladies, and how were you reskew'd?

*Gyn.* Being surpris'd, this gallant *Armason*

Prest to their reskew, had you seene what worth

She and this woodman spent in our defence,

Wonder would ha beneft you of all kinde,

She raise her sword with such a manly grace,

As had nor her child sex could my thoughts,

I could haue false in love with her high worth,

*Lison.* You our price vs made, not our desire,

But the weak spirit of our oppositer,

Gade luster to the dimmer of our worth.

*Ba.*

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Basili.* It please your modesty to tellen it.  
But it shall still live greater in our regard. What woodmans that?

*Damir.* My follower my Liege.

*Basili.* V What ere he be, he hath deseru'd our loue.

Fellow be neere vs, and for this desert,

Perform'd against those Traytors to our blood,

Vnder thy master we giue thee an attendant,

To garde the life and safetie of our daughter.

*Hip.* Thanke you good father, who euer loose by the bargaine, I  
haue got me a seruant by the match: woe serue me followe?

*Dem.* He the best I can: In hart your fellow, though in show your man.

*Hip.* He try your dutious seruice: I command,

Your knee to kisse the ground, your lip my hand.

*Dem.* Pardon me Madam.

*Hippol.* Heere's hose loud nois doubt,

I may command my man, and goe without.

*Basili.* Truce to this byrie warre, these popes bullets

Beste become a Closset then a Parke,

The Forrest musick is to heare the hounds

Rend the thirnyre, and with a lusty cry

Awake the dewie Echo, and content

Their perfect language in a mingled sound,

Then to the Court, our Forrest sport being done,

A second chase of tourliet sports we giue.

*Dem.* If fortune will, we'll see what our hopes produce.

Our feares haue met theyr deaths, our loues theyr due.

*Damir.* O bidde my hopes, the Ladies reuok'd, and the Princes

like errant knights beat out of the game place, my inuention must turne

to the Duke, and them for traytors, and bragg the lands for my la-

boling, though they be my friends, since a pretty parcel of pollicie.

A thing I am low full hard doe possiblie,

A wise-man bow good with a two-fold string.

*Enter Lifander, and Demetrius.*

*Lifan.* Did euer two princes meete a such strange changes in their  
lodes? now we haue wrought our admittance, and in a manner got

# The Fle of Gulls.

em into our possessions, our desires like false fires having brought vs  
within ken, vanish, and leaue vs our owne comfort.

*Dem:* That the duke should doo vs upon thee for a woman, makes  
for our purpose; but that the dukes should be enamour'd on thee  
for a man, is preposterous.

*Lisan:* VVhether my selfe shew in the rike of the Ladies, or  
the ardent glances her daughters beauty steals from mine eyes, giue  
her thoughts encouragement; I know not; but her hopes stand con-  
fident I am a man, & for that cause am I hard from access.

*Dem:* I way thy countenance by mine owne, for tho by the Dukes  
allowance I am her priuiledged attendant, yet such is the deuillishnes  
of *Dametia*, that I cannot ioy so much as tells as to confer with her.

*Page:* I can compare my lord and his friend to nothing in the world  
so fitly as to a couple of water buckets, for whilst hope winds the one  
vp, dispaire plunges the other downe; whilst I like a Hatlakene in an  
Italian comedy, stand making Isosar both their follies.

*Lisan:* VVell, since the shape of our proceeding grows so mon-  
strous, lets cast our inscriptions in a new mold; and having for firme a  
foundation as this disguise to build vpon, lets draw the modell, and  
raise the whole frame of our schemes anew.

*Dem:* Indeepe, louers should be condon'd like tyrants, who ha-  
ving the ayne of a crowne in their eyes, stand violently ouer all  
lets that interuent their course; but for small things, and small things I

*Lisan:* And so will way my resolutions already bent, & if I shooe  
not, the next knell I take, I ouer I before shee breakes thy bow about  
mine eares, and strike the thorns in my forehead, for married men to  
hang their capstons.

*Dem:* I haue now a means for my purpose already, & if I shooe  
*Dametia* onely daughter, is content to shew in love with me, & to be like  
faine extreame ardor of affection, and make her the shadowe under  
which he couer the true substance of my deuiue *Hippolita*.

*Lisan:* About it then, & let me see my impression to death but let it  
overtake thee; but heere comes one obnity. But let it I must heare his  
importunitie, for no reasonable deniall will brugh him off.

Enter the Duke.

*Basl. Zephane.* *Lisan:* My Lidge.

*Basl:* My thought comes like a faine aspre the wind, swaloe big  
with newes, and thinges that the midwife must deliuer me of this bur-  
then,

## The Ile of Gulls.

then, my Dutches is sick, hart sicke for thee *Zelmans*.

*Lisan.* For mee, why my Lord, I am no *Rosa solis*, nor *Aqua mirabilis* to recouer sicke folkes.

*Basil.* Shall I be short with thee? My Ladie's in loue with thee.

*Lisan.* With me my Lord.

*Basil.* With thee my Lady: her amorous glances are her accusers, her very lookes write Sonnets in thy cōmendations, shee carues thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde, shee's turnd sunne-riser, haunts priuate walkes, & like a disgrast Courtier, studies the Art of melancholy. *Lisan.* Now alas good Lady.

*Basil.* Nay neuer pittie her, she deserues none, rather lets bend our indeuors to intangle her more. To see the kindnes of Fortune, who fearing we should be acquainted with solitude in this our 12 month retirement, hath begot a domesticall merriment, and made our own thoughts actors int, and as bad a Poet as I am, Ile ha one sceane int of mine owne inuention.

*Lisan.* *Dametas* will storme at that, for he cannot indure Poetrie should be countnanst: but how ist my Liege?

*Basil.* Tis ready plotted already, and that the Dutches may not find thee vnprouided when she comes to court thee

*Lisan.* Court me, court a woman my Liedge.

*Basil.* VVhy thats the very happinesse of the iest, but in any case confesse thy selfe a man.

*Lisan.* A man my liedge, I ha no colour fort.

*Basil.* Tush Ile furnith thee, say thou art some Prince, no matter who, & hast to do with this disguise of purpose to court my daugh-

*Li.* Is this sceane of your owne inuenting my liege? (*tes Violetta*,

*Ba.* Mine owne yfaith, and to confirmt the rather, vse more oft & priuate conference with my daughter, interchange discourse & amorous dalliance, oh twill set my Dutches affections a fire, to thinke her riualld by her daughter, and giue vs smooth passage to our loue.

*Li.* How occasion plaies the wanton with me. Well my liedge, do but you worke my admittance to your daughter, & Ile bestow al she art I am woorth in courting her, and see, as if Fortune had a hand in our Comedy, she hath entred the Dutches iust at her que, shadowe your selfe in your Arke, & leaue me to giue her entertainment,

*Basil.* Forget not to personate some Prince in any case.

*Lisan.* Ile warrant you, Ile play the Prince with much art.

D.

Enter

## The Fle of Galls.

*Enter the Dutches.*

*Dutches.* This way he went, on this sweet violet bed  
Still dwells the print of his enamourd tread,  
The depreſt flowers haue ſtrengthened their ſweete  
By ſtealing amorous kiſſes from his feete.

*Baſil.* Absolute Poet, *Penelope* was a ballet-maker to her.

*Dutche.* Oh do not ſlight my preſence, gentle wanton ſtay,  
What haue I found you, faith you run-away  
Ile tye a chaine about your waſt for this,  
And make you buy your freedome with a kiſſe.

*Liſ.* Fie madam, this curteſie is more then needes.

*Dut.* Be not ſo coy, let not a louing Dame  
Find thee leſſe kind then ſenceleſſe elements,  
Thou neuer walkſt, but the enamourd ayre  
Like an officious louer beares thy traine,  
Whiſt the coole wind doth with his veluet wing  
Fanne the thinne ayre vpon thy ſweatie cheek,  
Stealing ſweet kiſſes from thy ſilken lip.

*Liſan.* Shield this vaine breath, beate at ſome ladies eare.

*Dut.* But you are none, you are not, come you are not,  
Your valor, lookes, and geſture ſhew you are not,  
Your manly brow, and your commanding eye,  
Where war and fortune dwell in maiestie,  
Your priuate walkes, and varied paſſions,  
Your glances to my daughter, ſure you are not,  
And my firme loue is confident you are not.

*Ba.* There's a louer of a right temper, ſheele outface the  
name of her ſexe inſtantly.

*Liſ.* Well madam, ſith your obſeruation hath diſcouerd mee, vpon  
promiſe of your ſecreſie I confeſſe my ſelfe a man.

*Baſil.* Good, excellent, how truly ſhe takes my directions.

*Dut.* I knew my iudgement could not be deceiud,  
Nor durſt proud loue haue done me ſo much wrong  
To caſt my thoughts vnto a womans eye.

*Baſil.* Loue durſt not, good, good; excellent, what next.

*Liſan.* But madam, now I am knowne to you, what further requeſt

*Dut.* Exchange of lookes, and freedome of thy bed, (you.  
Thy preſence, thy embracesments, thy kind loue,

For

## The Ile of Gulls.

For which my amorous thoughts haue long line licke.

*Basil.* Thanke you good wife, nay & a Dutches long to giue her husbands the morning, let it neuer greeue butchers to doe homage at Cuckolds haue.

*Lisan.* Well madam, to giue content to your affections, and in a strong hope you will mediate my sute to your daughter, sort out but fit time and opportunitie, and maister your desires.

*Basil.* And he were a man now I might be rarely tupt.

*Dut.* Giue me thy hand then, with this amorous kisse  
I seale thee mine. *Lis.* And I confirme with this.

*Basil.* Rare, rare, rare, she's his seald and deliuerd in the presence of D. Now least my husband should suspect our loue, (her husband.

*Ba.* Now, what shadow for that now.

*Du.* Heare a good iest, perswade him th'art a woman.

*Lis.* Thats not so doe now madam, for he as confidently belieues and ardently courts me for a woman, as you for a man.

*Du.* Good, excellent, maintaine that humor still,  
Seeme coy, looke nice, and as we weomen vse,  
Be mild and proud, imbrace, and yet refuse.

*Basil.* Excellent vertues in a woman.

*Du.* I prethe doe, twill be a seane of mirth  
For me to quote his passions and his smiles,  
His amorous hauiour, and how his eye  
Will beget strange varietie of lookes,  
And shoote em into thine, but the cheefe sports this  
To see an old man with a young man kisse. *Exit Dut.*

*Basil.* To see an old Dutches a young Lady kisse.  
Now the plot packs the seanes all comicall,  
I cannot speake for laughter, to see these women  
That would be counted wonders for their wit,  
Lay plots to gull themselues, silly conceit,

*Lis.* To take me for a man.

*Basil.* And arme herselfe  
To laugh at me, make iests and scoffes at me,  
But sooth her humor, the reuenge sheede throw  
Vpon my head, shall fall on her owne brow. *Exit.*

*Lis.* Vpon yon both, so, so, so, how greedily their inuentions like  
bagles followes the sent of their own gullery, yet these are no fooles,

## The fle of Gulls.

God forbid, not they: but to the drift, mirth in my warme blood sits,  
laughing at this diuision of theyr wits.

*Enter Violetta and Hippolita.*

*Hip.* Wot te beleue me sister, I neuer eate a cherry but it puts me  
in mind of a husband, it kisses my lippes with such a harmlesse pret-  
tines.

*Uil.* Now in good deede lo I loue em a life to, I thinke I shall ne-  
uer ha my belly full on em.

*Hip.* Of what, not of husbands *Violetta.*

*Uio.* No, of cherries *Hippolita*, but take heede of em; they be a verle-  
filling meate, and dangerous things for vs maides I can tell you, wee  
may surfet after em presently.

*Hip.* Surfet after what, a husband?

*Vio.* I and after cherries to *Hippolita.*

*Hip.* I warrant you sister, an old lady in Lacedemon taught mee a  
preseruatiue against that. *Vio.* For the loue of cherries what,

*Hip.* Marry this it was, stil sayd she, betwixt euery cherry said shee,  
be sure to cracke a stone said shee.

*Uiol.* Then let me alone, Ile cracke a couple a stones betwixt eu-  
erie cherry, rather then surfet on em.

*Hip.* You must take heede you cracke not too many to, for you  
may surfet of the stone as well as of the cherry.

*Vs.* Nay & they be such dangerous things, I haue done with em.

*Hip.* So haue I to for this time, but sister, is it not a strange kind of  
seruile libertie that we liue in heere in Archadea?

*Uil.* For all the world as Englishmen keepe their fellows, & Itali-  
ans their wines, we neuer stirre abroad without our Iaylors.

*Hip.* And for what cause forsooth, onely to keep vs frō mariage.

*Uil.* Sure tis cyther some high content, or extreame discom-  
moditie, that our father debarrs vs of it.

*Hip.* By this stone me thinks I long like a woman with child, till  
I know the difference betwixt a maid and a wife.

*Uiol.* Well, god a mercy of all cursen soules, I was neere the  
knowledge ont last night I can tell you.

*Hip.* O that I had beene with thee I might ha beens so to: for  
loue of marriage how?

*Vio.* VVhy thus: as I lay slumbering in my bed,  
No creature with me but my maydenhead.

*Hippolita.*



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Hip.* Is that a creature?

*Viol.* Some maintaine it is,

Got in the eye, conceiued in a kisse:

Others whose speech seeme neere akin to truth

Say tis a passion, bred ith heate of youth,

Some callt a sigh, and some an amorous-groane,

All differ in the definition,

But in the allowd opinion of most,

Tis neuer truly had till it be lost.

But lying thus alone, as maydes doe vse,

Me thought I dreamt, as maydes can hardly chuse,

And in my dreame me thought twas too much wrong

A prettie maid should lie alone so long:

With that a gallant comes, gallants can doe

Much with young maydes,

*Hip.* And with old women to.

*Viol.* He courted me once, and agen, and thrice,

Tis vertue to say nay, to be too nice

Agrees not with my humor, yet some say,

We maydes with things, to which we aunswere nay,

Breefely me thought he stood so long a wooing,

I rather could a whilst he had beene dooing

Some other busines, yet at last we greed,

Twere strange if earnest suiters should not speed.

*Hip.* In what agreed you?

*Viol.* In our wedding ring,

Time, place, and howre, indeede in euery thing:

The day appointed, and each thing in frame,

I thought each howre an age vntill it came,

VVell, come it is, the morning once in sight,

I thought it tenne times longer till twas night,

At dinner time me thought I sweld with pride-

To be drunke to by name of Mistris bride,

Musicke spake loude, no delicates were scant,

Yet still me thought another thing did want,

For sure thought I, theres something in a man

That wiues loue well, hope brides may wish it than.

Long looks for comes at last, to bed we goe.

## The Fle of Gulls.

*Hip.* Would I had dreamt I might ha' done so too.

*Viol.* My bed-mate turn'd, and as he would ha' spoke  
I sweat with feare, and in that feare I woke,  
But seeing my kind bed-fellow was gone,  
Lord how it chaft me that I wak't so loone,  
One minuts dreaming longer, I had tude,  
The difference twixt a virgin and a bride.

*Hip.* O twou'd ha' vex't a saint, my blood would burne  
To be so neere, and mille so good a turne.

*Vio.* And so did mine to I warrant you, nay tho I be but a litile  
pot, I shall be as soone hote as another.

*Hip.* You should not be my sister else.

*Vio.* Nor my mothers daughter neither. *Hip.* And in good ear-  
nest we are not fatherd much amis. *Viol.* Are you auld of that,  
and yfaith tell me, what thinke you of your seruant *Dorus*.

*Hip.* As of a sweet Almond in a rugged shell, the sun in a clowde,  
or a welthy diamond in a rock, indeede cleane contrary to the world,  
he weares the worst side outward, & is much better then he seemes:  
but what thinke you of your manly Amazon.

*Vio.* Nay the sport is I know not what to thinke, *Zelmanes* humor  
would afford proiect for a prettie Court comedie, my father courts  
her for a woman, and as I feare shee is, my mother doates vppon her  
for a man, and as I wish he were, and that with such an ardor of af-  
fection, that I could find in my hart to turne my mother out of the  
companie, and play the louers part my selfe.

*Hip.* How euer man or woman, the iell holds rurrant in one.

*Vio.* I knowe not what knauish motion hath had to doe with my  
thought, but my mind tells me that your seruant *Dorus* & my Ama-  
zon, are other then they seeme: and heere he comes.

*Enter first Lisander, then Miso, Mopsa, Demetrius.*

*Miso.* Why how now madam, Ladies gadding, is this the obe-  
dience of your fathers charge.

*Lisan.* Pardon Mistris *Miso*, twas my dooing and the Dukes.

*Miso.* But the Dutches w<sup>l</sup> like neither the Dukes doings nor yours  
neither in this case I can tell you. The Duke staies your comming &  
yet the dutches is very desirous on<sup>i</sup>, my husband is in the next Ar-  
bor to man you. For you Lady, my presence be your priuiledge.

*Li.* *Miso* should be either a hangman or a Herald, for shee neuer  
comes

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comes amongst vs, but she quarters our company and armes.

*De.* Excellent beautie, & therefore more excellent, because situate in to faire a creature. *Mops.* You are a merry man *Dorus*, but all this cannot make me think you loue me, how say you mother doth he.

*Mi.* Mary let him chole daughter, when I was as thou art.

*Hip.* You were as she is, but faith madam *Mopsa*, I perceiue my seru-  
uant *Dorus* beares a months mind to you, be not so straight laced to  
him. *Mop.* Straight lac'd, God mend me I am not lac'd at all, am I

*Dorus*, no in soth, I goe wide ope wensday, I neuer lace my selfe but  
on sondaies, & that for feare I should burst with eating of plum por-  
ridge. *Hip.* I mean let fall some comfortable lookes on your surer.

*Mop.* God mend mee Ile let fall or take vp any thing I haue to doe  
him good. *Hip.* Why thats kindly said, & *Dorus* your loue is verie  
ambitious, to climbe so hie as the beautifull *Mopsa*.

*Mop.* O are you a fild of that, twold make a horse breake his bridle  
to heare how the youth of the village will commend me, oh the pre-  
tie little pincking nyes of *Mopsa* saies one, oh the fine flat lippes of  
*Mopsa* saies another, and then doe I bridle my head like a malt-horse  
thus, set mine armes a kembo thus, wrethe my necke and my bodie  
thus, winke with one eye thus, & spread my peacocks tayle as broad  
as the proudest minx of em all.

*Hip.* These extraordinary graces must not want admiration, but  
where's your mother. *Miso.* Speake softly in the Lobby there,  
for waking my Ladies foisting hound. *Mop.* Godme, my mo-  
thers stealing of a nap.

*Hip.* Nay, she cannot be said to steale a nap, for the noise she makes  
herselfe would discover her theft: but *Dorus* fuh your fortunes are  
poore, you should studie to enoble your deserts, and beget effects  
worthy to court and win your Ladies acceptance.

*Dem.* Lasse madam, I chuse no better moderater then your selfe,  
betwixt me and my vnworthy seruices, suppose your selfe tho but a  
Cucko compar'd with this sweet singing Nitingale, should be sued  
to by a prince like me, I meane like me in loue, for loue in princes &  
pesants admits cōparison: suppose *Demetrius* should in like disguise  
court you as I doe, *Mopsa*, sigh for you, as I doe, for *Mopsa*, kneele to  
you thus, as I doe, to *Mopsa*, lay downe his life to you, as I doe, to  
*Mopsa*, prefer your good before his owne, as I protest I do, *Mopsa*,  
suppose he should show you the known marke of his neck, to assure  
you

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you he were *Demetrius*, as I do this to *Mopsa*, to witnes I am the son of *Menalchus*, could your disdain stand out like *Mopsa's*?

*Hip.* What a kenes necessity sets vpon the edge of inuention, trust me *Mopsa* your seruant speakes wel, & if he can proue himselfe the man he speakes of, and my wishes wel hope, *Demetrius*, you haue no reason to thinke scorne of him. *Mop.* Why what should I do madam, my mother tells me I must not say as I think.

*Hip.* I am no counsellor, but shold *Demetrius* in like disguise court me, thus would I embrace him, thus seale my affections with a kisse, & thus argue: think not *Demetrius* that the clouds of basenes could so muffle thee, but that the sun of valor shind thro them long since, & in regard of thy seruiceable dutie in concealing, and vnpreanted policy in thus making known thy loue, sort but out fit oportunitie, & in despiht of all gardians strict obseruance, go where thou wilt, the worth of *Demetrius* shall draw *Hippolita*, this would I vow, and this will I performe.

*De.* And were I *Demetrius* & you *Hippolita*, I would decieue *Dametas*, outreach *Miso*, forswear *Mopsa*, & forsake *Archades* to share the fortunes of diuine *Hippolita*. *Mop.* And what should I doe then?

*Dem.* I do but speake in the person of *Demetrius*, & vnder *Hippolita* shadow what I intend to the rare, and neuer enough wondred at *Mopsa*, the black swan of beauty, & madg-howled of admiration.

*Mop.* Do not you flout me *Dorus*, & you do not, provide a priest and Ile marry you, and my father and mother shal neuer know ont.

*De.* *Manasses* is the man. *Mop.* And Ile be the woman, who so euer say nay toote, little dreames my mother of what wee haue done.

*De.* T may be she did, for she sigh'd & grond much in her sleepe.

*Mop.* T is wel she was so quiet, for she eate pease poridge to breakfast, & theyle make me break wind in my sleepe like a horse, and see as the deuill wil hate she wakes, and here comes my father, no words and ye loue me.

*Enter Dametas.*

*Dam.* Why god a mercy *Dorus*, this diligence becomes the seruant of *Dametas*, and Ile prefer thee fort.

*Hip.* You were worse then the deuilels, for they say hee helps his seruants, then you may doe little & you cannot helpe yours.

*De.* Will you break your iests against the barres of you chamber windowe, & cleere the greene, the duke is comming to bowles, & I would not for halfe mine office you shold be a rub in the way of his patience,

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patience: Daughter and Wife, conduct her to the Lodge. *Exit.*  
And *Dorus*, make you haste about your businesse.

*Demet.* I warrant you Sir: be my hopes rightly plapt?  
You will condemne me for my too much haste. *Exeunt.*

*Damet.* Why so: this tis to be in authoritie: Inferiour persons,  
I and the Princes themselues, flie from my presence, like the chir-  
ping Birdes from the sight of the Faulcon: my verie breath like a  
mighty wind blowes away inferiour Officers (the Court rubbish)  
out of my way, and giues me a (smooth passage: I am the morning  
starre, I am seldome seene but about the rising of the Sunne: in-  
decde I am neuer out of the Dukes eye, and heere he comes,

*Enter Duke, Dutcheße, Lisander, Violet.*

*Duke.* Doth our match hold.

*Dutch.* Yes, whose part will you take.

*Duk.* *Zelmanes.*

*Dutch.* Soft, that match is yet to make.

*Viol.* Lets cast a choice, the neereſt two take one.

*Lis.* My choice is cast, helpe sweet occasion,

*Viol.* Come, heere's agood.

*Lis.* Well, betterd.

*Dutch.* Best of all.

*Lis.* The Duke and I,

*Duk.* The weakeſt goe to the wall,

*Viol.* Ile lead,

*Lis.* Ile follow.

*Viol.* We haue both one mind,

*Lis.* In what?

*Viol.* In leauing the old folke behinde,

*Duk.* Well iested daughter, and you lead not faire,  
The hindmoſt hound, though old, may catch the hare,

*Dutch.* Your laſt Boule come?

*Viol.* By the faith a me, well led,

*Lis.* Would I might lead you,

*Viol.* Whither?

*Lis.* To my bed.

*Viol.* I am ſure you would not?

*Lis.* By this aire I would.

*Viol.* I hope you would not hurt me, and you ſhould,

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- Lis.* I'de loue you sweet,  
*Viol.* Sowre, so I heard you say,  
*Lis.* Accept it then,  
*Viol.* Of what acquaintance pray?  
*Lis.* Of loues, and mine,  
*Duke.* Daughter, your bowle winnes one.  
*Viol.* None of my Maidenhead Father, I am gone,  
The *Amason* hath wonne one,  
*Lis.* Yeeld to that.  
*Viol.* The cast I doe,  
*Lis.* Your selfe?  
*Viol.* Nay scrape out that.  
*Dutch.* Whose is it yet?  
*Lis.* The Dukes: play smooth and fine,  
The smallest helpe that is, will make your mine,  
*Viol.* Me yours?  
*Lis.* Your mine, for tho the cast I loose,  
I ha wonne your loue.  
*Viol.* Mucht in my tother hoose,  
*Dutch.* Come, the last marker this cast is worth all the rest,  
*Viol.* The leader as the follower.  
*Lis.* Badd's the best,  
I winne her for ten crownes, and there they be,  
*Viol.* I take your lay.  
*Lis.* A match twixt you and me,  
*Dutch.* Ile be your halfe.  
*Duke.* That were vnkindly done.  
*Viol.* Pardon me mother, Ile beare all or none.  
*Lis.* I ha wonne you Madam.  
*Viol.* Me?  
*Lis.* I meane your bet.  
*Viol.* Then take your winnings, ile not die in debt.  
*Lis.* Madam beleue me, I am as I protest, a Prince, my name  
*Lisander.*  
*Viol.* Looke to the Dukes standing Madam.  
*Dutch.* So I will I warrant you, and to your falling.  
*Lis.* Thus clouded as you see, for your loue, my soule speakes in  
my tongue: I appointed this match at bowles a purpose to ac-  
quaint

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quaint you with it.

*Viol.* Barre stealing Father; yet and all hit right;  
Heer's one would steale a piece of flesh to night.

*Lis.* Deere Madam,

*Viol.* No more words, I haue perceiued as much in your eie, as  
you can expresse with your tongue, and as farre as my mothers ie-  
lousie would giue me leaue, answered it with kind looks: your  
bias stands wrong mother.

*Dutch.* Why? It stands towards *Zelmaues*.

*Viol.* Hath it stood so long?

*Dutch.* All the game thro.

*Viol.* Then all your game's bold wrong: furnish you with neces-  
saries besitting an escape, & my wil shalbe as ready to take wing,  
as yours; put in a cast now mother, or the game is gone indeede.

*Dutch.* Whose is the throw?

*Viol.* Ours, till the last bowle came.

But that hath wont'em cleere, both cast and game.

*Lis.* Our winnings come, a kisse and bate the rest.

*Dutch.* What doe you kisse in earnest or in iest?

*Viol.* In earnest in good trueth,

*Duk.* Troth, kindly sed,

Take heed you kisse not out your maidenhead.

*Viol.* In ieast?

*Duk.* In earnest.

*Viol.* Tis the fashon,

Much in request among our Nation,

*Duk.* To kisse away their maidenheads?

*Viol.* Now and then,

And being gone, to kisse it backe agen:

For louers indenitures are ne're fairely drawne,

Vntill the maidenhead be left in pawne,

As earnest of the match, so mothers sed,

And so will daughters do when Mams be dead.

*Duke.* What? pawne their maidenhead?

*Viol.* Yes, and loose'em too.

*Dutch.* And youle maintaine that fashon?

*Viol.* Signeior Noe.

*Musicke of Bells &c.*

*Duk.* Lay by this homebred mirth, and prepare your eares to  
entertaine strangers.

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*Viol.* Stranger? why Father, Strangers are as welcome to mee, as mine owne Countrymen; if they bring good manners, & ciuill humanitie in their companies: otherwise, they are like soule wea-ther, come afore they be sent for.

*Enter Demetras, Manasses, Iulio, Amintas.*

*Viol.* *Demetras*, nay then we shall haue newes enough; for he neuer comes into the Presence, but he brings a whole sacke full of  
es: of newes I should say.

*Duke.* Welcome *Demetras*: what officious fellow is that?

*Dam.* A pure welwiller of your Maiesties, & a follower of mine.

*Viol.* O tis *Manasses*; and he could make Armes as wel as he mares Legges, he would grow in great request for Heraldrie: What's your newes?

*Manas.* These *Lacedemonians*, Subiectes to your Maiestie, ha-ving a Messadge to deliuer to your Maiesties instruments of hear-  
ring, commonly eclipsed eares.

*Viol.* How? Hath any one heere, clipped eares?

*Manas.* Sweete Femenine, clip off the taile of thy discourse with  
the Sissars of attention, as I say, these *Lacedemonians* haue chosen  
me their tongue.

*Viol.* Of a long tongue thou speakest verie little.

*Manas.* That proues me no woman, for they speake ouer much.

*Duk.* What greuances oppresse them? briefly speake.

*Ami.* Marchandise (my Ledge) through the auarice of purcha-  
sing Officers, is rackt with such vnmercifull Impost, that the very  
name of Traffique growes odious euen to the professor.

*Iulio.* Townes so opprest for want of wonted and naturall li-  
bertie, as that the native Inhabitants seeme Slaues, & the Forray-  
ners free Denizens.

*Amin.* Offices so bought and sould, that before the purchaser  
can be sayd to be placed in his Office, he is againe by his couetous  
Parrone displac't.

*Iulio.* Common Riots, Rapes, and wilfull Homicide in great  
mens followers, not onely not punished, but in a manner counte-  
naunced and aplauded.

*Amin.* Indeede since your Maiestie left the Land, the whole  
bodie of the Common-wealth runnes cleane against the byas of  
true and pristine gouernement.

*Iulio.* And



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*Iulia.* And your honorable Brother, like a Shipp tolle vpon the violent billowes of this Inurre & on, by vs intreates your Maiesties Letters of speedy reformation, for feare the whole kingdome suffer incurabl<sup>e</sup> shipwracke.

*Duk.* Which after short deliberation with our Counsell, your selfe shall retorne. *Dametas*, rewarde their traayles with 200. Crownes; in the meane time, let'em taste the best entertainment of our Court.

Proud Rebels, they shall see that a Dukes frowne,  
Can at his pleasure, turne Rebellion downe;  
See them rewarded.

*Anri. Manassis*, see the fellowes entertained; I must attende of the Duke.

*Man. Boy*, see the fellowes entertained? I must waite of my lord,

*Boy.* Fellowes, be as merrie as you may, I must follow my M.

*Ami.* So, heere's Petitioners attendance right; good words, and short commons: But tis not their entertainment wee come for. I made a simple shift to get entertainment into the Court,

*Iuli.* Well *Cupid*, pray for our liues, for and we were gone, I know not where thou wouldst haue two such statesmen againe.

*Ami.* His Common-wealth could not stand without vs; and that his Mother knowes well enough and he sends no better successe then we had at our hunting, hee looses a friend of mee.

*Iuli.* T'will not sinke in my thought yet, but that olde mustie slave *Dametas* playde the slave with vs.

*Ami.* Would I could prooue it once; but since we are againe admitted our Realme, shall wee be idle? somewhat weele doe, though theyle giue vs but small thanks for our labour.

*Iuli.* The Duke shall not say his Daughters are so ill beloued, but weele change a thrust or two with his intent for'em.

*Ami.* T'would put the poore Wenches out of conceit with themselves, and there should not be some contending for'em.

*Iuli.* We are in the way to catch the old one, and then our ayme deceiues not.

*Amin.* We are I faith: Inuention could not weaue,  
A quainter webbe, Suspition to deceaue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lysander and Demetrius.*

*Demet.* Come, passe off this groueling imitation; a Louers thoughts

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thoughts must be ambitious, and like the Eagle, scorning the base  
ayre where Kites and Crows lie flagging; mount the cleare skie  
of Inuention, & ouerpeere al hindrances:

The Ladyes themselves are willing.

*Lis.* Ready to imbarke vpon the next tide of occasion whatsoever.

*Demet.* Let me alone to worke it then. But heere comes my  
Boy.

*Enter Page.*

*Boy.* T'were more for your credite Sir, and you could say your  
man: but men & warr were worne out of fashon both in a Sommer,

*Lisa.* I am of thy belife in that, Boy.

*Boy.* Would my Lord were so to, Sir.

*Dem.* Suppose I were? Sir what then?

*Boy.* I should (as many vptartes haue done) prooue rich: for  
I belecue you would make mee your heire.

*Demet.* Is that part of your belife?

*Boy.* A principall poynt Sir.

*Dem.* Renounce it then, for I belecue you're neuer besau'd by't.

*Boy.* I am sure I cannot loose by't. I belecue further, that many  
Knights, and some Ladyes, were neuer of Gods making.

*Lisa.* Of whose then, wagge?

*Boy.* Ile tell you: the Minters quoine Gold, Gold makes He-  
rals, Heralds make Nkights, and Nkights stampe Ladies.

*Demet.* And what doe Ladies?

*Boy.* They liue not idlie neither; they make some Nkights, and  
marre manie Gentlemen.

*Lisa.* Ladyes are good worke-women too, then?

*Boy.* Farre better then anie Taylor: they'll make you an ende  
of a suite, especially a Court suite, when all the Taylors in a Coun-  
trei know not how to set a stich in't.

*Dem.* I am of the belife you are a Knaue, Sir.

*Boy.* I had no sayth, should I say you were not.

*Lisa.* Well, what, a Knaue?

*Boy.* In a Knaues belife Sir.

*Dem.* Because in yours?

*Boy.* Do you say't, and Ile swere't, my Lord.

*Dem.* No more Boy, I am wearie of your iestes.

*Boy.* That confirms'em to be good Sir,

*Dem.* Your reason for that, Sir?

*Boy.* Be-

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*Boy.* Because trauellers and louers, are soone wearie of goodnes;

*Dem.* Goodlie ones in deed: but leauing this high-way of circumstance; I sent you for *Manassus*.

*Boy.* The learned Scribe attendes you.

*Enter Manassus.*

*Dem.* Will you fall off, Sir?

*Boy.* Like an Apple at Michaelmas, without shaking. *Exit.*

*Lisa.* Welcome *Manassus*: I haue present imployment for thee, in which I must borrow

*Man.* Pardon mee Madame, I learned of my Lord, to lende nothing without securitie and pawnes.

*Lisa.* T<sup>is</sup> not monie (*Manassus*) but counsell and furtherance that we desire.

*Man.* Good counsell is worth good monie, Madame.

*Lisa.* Thou shalt be well considered; there's twentie Crownes in earnest.

*Man.* Nay Madame, this hand's like a fellow, it takes euerie thing in iest: if you be in earnest, let me feele it heere: So Ladie, now betwixt earnest and iest, if your Will be readie drawne, before your friend deliuer'd as your deed, and put me in trust to execute it.

*Lisa.* Tak't, in a word this honest Shepheard, and thy Lordes daughter Madame *Mopsa*, are man and wife.

*Man.* Man, an woman perhaps; but not man and wife: for though most women haue a wil to be Ladies, like my Lords wife; yet euerie Ladie haue not witte to be a wife, as my Lordes Daughter. But what good can I doe in this?

*Lisa.* O verie much: for though they be man and wife by oath and protestation, the chiefest ceremonie of all; namelie Mariadge, is yet vnperformed, and hearing that you haue tane orders.

*Man.* That I haue: I haue tane order for the making away of a hundred Maidenheads in my time, and not so few: but I am in the minde of you now, these two Beagles, *Dorus* and *Mopsa*, haue run themselues breathlesse in the chafe of loue, you would haue couple'm vp in the leases of Matrimonie.

*Lisa.* You are in the right.

*Manass.* And you in the wrong, Ile keepe your ieast, but in any case take backe againe your earnest: Ile not purchase my Lords displeasure with your gold,

*Lif. Thy*

*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Lisan.* Thy Lord shall neuer know't.

*Man.* Oh sir! though my M. hath but bad eyes, he hath exceeding long eares: and though a Forrayner may play with a Citizens wooden Dagger, I would not wish any to iest with a Courtiers steeld Sword; tis seldome drawne but it drawes blood.

*Lis.* Tush man, be not so timorous, my credit shall countenance thee: bee not an Assle, make vse of thy time: thy Maisters seruice is no heritage; the world knowes he gettes vnder the Duke, thou art a foole, and thou wilt loose vnder him: there's a hundred Crownes for thee; tush man, thy betters will straine curtsey with aleagence for a bribe.

*Mana.* Madam, could you to euery one of these Crownes giue me a Kingdome,

*Lisan.* What then?

*Man.* I should ha more ground then halfe the Kinges in Christendom: here's my hand, Ile do't: my M. is my M. & I loue him; but my gold's my God, and I honor it: Ile do't; the time & place?

*Lisa.* Soone in the euening at *Adonis* Chapell. Art resolute?

*Ma.* As your Adamant: thinke you t'was feare made me keepe out? no t'was hope of these flattering sweete lipt drabs, I feare to marrie my Ladyes daughter? no nor to go to bed with her neither. Why, I haue counterfaieted his hand & seale. He has been content with mee, to come nearer to him, at his entertainment of the last Embassadour, when he was heat with drinking of healthes. As I led him to his Chamber, I nimde his Chayne, and drew his Purse, and next morning perswaded him he lost it in the great Chamber at the Reuels. He puts mee in trust with his whole estate: he buyes Maners, I purchase Farmes; he buildes houses, I plucke dowae Churches: he gets of the Duke, and I of the Commons: he beggers the Court, and I begger the whole Countrey.

*Lis.* These are notable knauith courses. What breeding hast had?

*Man.* Verie good breeding Sir: My great Graundfather was a Rat-catcher, my Grandfier a Hangman, my Father a Promooter, and my selfe an Informer.

*Lisa.* Thou wert a Knaue by inheritance.

*Man.* And by education too: but Bawdie Informations growing stale, I gaue vp my cloake to a Broker, and crept into credite for a Gowne, and of *Manasses* a penurious Informer, I turned Coppie

*The Ile of Gullies.*

Coppie, & became *Manasse*, a most precise, & illiterate expositor.

*Demet.* Were you a Reader then?

*Man.* And a Writer too Bullie: I set some of my Parishioners Wives such Coppies, as their Husbands might cast their cappes at it, but could neuer come neare.

*Lis.* But and you vſe ſuch a high and eleuate ſtile, your auditories low and humble vnderſtandings ſhould neuer crall ouer,

*Man.* Tush I could faſhion the bodie, of my diſcourſe fit to the eare of my auditories: for to caſt Eloquence amongſt a companie of ſtunſtards, is all one as if a man ſhould ſcatter Pearle amongſt the hoggiſh animals eclipsed Swine: no I had paraphraſticall admonitions of all ſortes; ſome againſt couetous Landlordes, and that would I ſquirt awongſt beggerlie Tennants: ſome againſt Vſurers, and that would I throw in at Priſon Grates amongſt prodigall Banqroutes: ſome againſt the pride of the Court, and that honies the eare of the Citizen: ſome againſt the fraude of the Citie, and that's Cake and Cheeſe to the COUNTRY: ſome againſt Proteſtants, and that's plumpes the laſie Catholicke againſt Papiſt and Proteſtant, and that fattens the rancke witted Puritand, againſt Papiſt, Puritand, and Proteſtant; and that tickles the eare of the luxurious Atheiſt.

*Lis.* Why you neuer light vpon anie Atheiſtes, doe you?

*Man.* Oh verie manie.

*Lis.* In the COUNTRY perhaps, and the out-skirtes of the citie?

*Man.* In the verie boofome of the Citie: and by your leaue, heere and there one in the Court too: But wee ſit'tem all; for in deed wee wandering Lightes, haue (as other tradefmen haue) Commodities of all ſortes, and priſes.

*Lis.* How doe they come by them?

*Man.* As manie doe by Offices, ſteale into them ere the Duke be awarg of'em.

*Lis.* Some buy'em at Booke-ſellers ſtalles; but the beſt they beſpeake of Poets.

*Lis.* Mee thinkes Poets of all men, ſhould not edifie, they are ſo enuious,

*Man.* One to another, to no bodie elſe: a proud Poet is for all the world like a Puncke in requeſt, couetous of manie Clianthes, when ſhe hath more then ſhe can handſomely play off: You

F.

ſhall

*The Ile of Gullies.*

shall haue some Poet (*Apollos* Vicar, especially) write you a comicall, Pastorall, Tragicall, Muslicall historie in prose, will make the auditors eyes runne a water like so many waterspouts: I had one of them my selfe, and your eares be in case, Ile giue you a taste on't; his argument was fet out of the Poem called, *The lost sheepe*: and thus it is.

*Lis.* Pre'thee be briefer?

*Man.* Nay peace, and it were in place where you might wake, the best men in the parish, for commonlie they sleepe the beginning, because they loue not deuision: but to the lost Sheepe. Beloud, you must imagine this Sheepe was a Sheepe, a lost Sheepe; a Sheepe out a the way: but my deare flocke and louing Sheepe, whom like a carefull Shepheard, I haue gathered together with the whistle or pipe, as it were of mine eloquence, into this fold of peacefull Communitie; Doe not you stray, doe not you flie out, doe not you wander, doe not you loose your selues; but like kinde Sheepe, and valiant Rams: I speake to you the better part and head of my flocke. As I say, you shall see the valiant Rammers turne all their hornes together, and appose themselues against the Woolfe, the hungrie Woolfe, the gredie Woolfe, the Lams deuouring Woolfe, the Woolfe of all Woolfes, to defende their Eawes and young ones. Durst you lay all your heades together, and with the hornes of your Manhood defende your families, your owne wiues, and your neighbours children: Was not this stinging geere?

*Lis.* A good Sheepish admonition,

*Man.* The fitter for my Audience: while you liue, haue a care to fitt your Audience.

*Lis.* Thou speak'st like a Christian: pre'thee what Religion art of?

*Man.* How manie souer I make vse of, Ile answere with *Pianano* *Oplotto* the Italian: I professe the Dukes onely.

*Demet.* What's his reason for that?

*Man.* A very sound reason: for sayes hee, I came Raw into the world, and I would not willinglie go rosted out: so close vp the stomacke of your Discourse with that dry answer, and euey man about his businesse.

*Lis.* You'le be mindfull of to morrow night.

*Man.* As

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*Man* As your Lawyer of the Tearme, or your Landlord of the Quarter day.

*Dem.* Why so: the mettle I must forge my plot on, lies a warming in the furnace of my braine; and I must fashion it Instantly, for feare it burst the heat. Giue my conceit way, for heere comes one must helpe to proportion it.

*Exit Lisar.*

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Demet.* How now *Demetrius*, what winde hath blowne vp this storme of melancholie, thy countenance was not wont to be thus cloudie? Whence proceedes this sodaine alteration?

*Dem.* From mine owne hard fortune my Lord, that my ill-starred natiuitie should continue thus opposite.

*Dem.* Art crost in a sute at Court? or what's the matter? speake.

*Dem.* Ile acquaint your Honor: I hope no other eare overheares vs. Vnder *Dianaes* Oke I founde an inscription vpon a stone, which told me, that wealth *Aristomachus* sometimes brought into *Archadea*, had there vnder hid a masse summe of treasure.

*Dem.* Vnder *Dianaes* Oke? *Dorus* shall haue my daughter *Mopsa*: no more words on't, and thou louest me *Dorus*: smother thy golden hops a day or two; thou shalt haue *Mopsa*, but Ile haue all the Gold, then marie my daughter to some great man, though he be poore, tis the fashion: Ile be Noblie allied what ere it cost me: shalt be my Sonne in law *Dorus*: haue an eye to the Princess, fall close to my daughter *Mopsa*.

Court her and spare not: now begins the sport,  
Kisse her, doe kisse her; thou shalt pay sweetly for't:

I can gull you, know what faire words can doe,

I'me an old Knaue, and a young Courtier too.

*Exit.*

*Dem.* So, so; how violently he deuowers his bane, and steales himselfe into the order of Gullerie: mee-thinkes I see how betwixt hope and feare he sweates in his practise, and like a foolish dreamer, castes how to lay out his wealth before it comes in. So much for him: Now to my Ladie Beautie his wife; and as the Diuell would, ha'te, heere she comes.



*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Enter Miso.*

*Miso.* *Dorus*, how now *Dorus*? What time a day is't with you?

*Dor.* What time a day so'ert be' with mee, tis sleeping time with my Lord, I am sure of that.

*Mis.* Sleeping time *Dorus*, what dost thou meane by that?

*Dor.* Nay nothing; he is troubl'd with a kind of maladie cal'd *Insurrectio carnis*.

*Miso.* How, a dish of Creuices? nay and that be the worst, good enough: I am glad a fall's to Fish, for he was giuen to Flesh a laze too too bad.

*Dor.* Masse I thought as much, for I saw him go a angling.

*Miso.* I hold my Ladship to some strumpet;

*Dor.* Life, a ielositie; I thinke you are a Witch, t'was so indeed.

*Miso.* Nay I thought as much: he was wont to kisse mee, and doe all kindnes a man could doe, till he came to the Court; and now he will not lie with mee forsooth: and why? tis the Court fashion. He will not loue mee, and why? tis the Court fashion. I must not come nere him at his downe lying, nor his vprising, &c. And this be the Court fashion, would I were an honest woman of the Countrie againe, be Courtiers who list. I, I, *Dorus*, I tell thee in teares, hee hath not done by mee, as a Husband should doe.

*Dor.* Tis nothing to mee, I cannot do withall Madam, would I could.

*Mis.* Yes marie mayst thou *Dorus*; thou mayst, and shalt doe withal too and thou wilt; but as thou lookest to enioy my daughter *Mopsa*, acquaint mee with the olde Foxes starting hole.

*Dor.* That's past my cunning: the olde Foxe has more holes then one, to hide's head in: But not to goe long about the bush with you.

*Mis.* No good *Dorus*, I do not loue a man should go long about my bush: What is she for a woman?

*Dor.* I know not what shee is for a woman; marie I feare she's litle better then a Whore for your Husband: harke in your care; shee's *Manasses* wife.

*Miso.* *Manasses* wife? marie fire Maister gunner, a Puritane turnd Puncke: Gods my precious. Ile slit her nose, as I am a Ladie will I: is shee the partie you wor on?

*Dor.* Yes

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*Dor.* Yes sayth Madam, shee is the Mare the man rid on.

*Mis.* Ile spoile their sport, saddle my Mule there, haue an ele to the princess: shalt ha my daughter and be but to spite him withal, faith Fox ile ha you out of your hole, or ile fire you out.

*Dor.* Nay that will doe no good, but for your owne good Madam, take heed you doe not scold.

*Mis.* Why may not a Lady scold *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Scold, O in no case, twill marre a Ladies beautie cleane, and make her looke as hard fauoured as any ordinarie woman.

*Mis.* Godamercie for that *Dorus*, Ile not loole my beautie for twentie on'em: saddle my Mule; bring me my chopping knife, Ile geld the lecherous Goat, and mince his Trull, as small as herbs to the pot, This is not scolding *Dorus*, is't?

*Dor.* No this is tollerable.

*Mis.* Nay then I care not, saddle my Mule I say, let her pray God her feeling be good, for as I am a Ladie, Ile not leaue her an eie to see withall, and yet I will not scold neither. *Exit.*

*Dor.* Oh take heed of that at any hand, So, so, so now it begins to quicken me thinkes, I see alreadie how she runs a tilt at the Wenches eies: calls the maid Baud, the woman Whore, and her husband Lecher: and when all comes to all, like an Irish Wolfe, she barks at her owne shadow; but committing her and her Assle to their wildgoose chase: now to my sweet hart *Mopsa*, for she's all the blockes lust in my eie to stumble on: and God blesse my wits, for the foole haunts me.

*Enter Mopsa.*

*Mops.* *Dorus*, where's my Father *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Your Father, Oh my deare *Mopsa*?

*Mops.* Nay now you flout me?

*Dor.* Flout you? oh the faire heavens, but this tis for a man to cast away himselfe in violence of passion and extremitie of sighs on a piece of beautie, that cares not for him, but it is the trickes on you all,

*Mops.* Trickes, no as god mend me, and I should not haue a husband till I got him with tricks, I should lead apes in heits but faith tell me, dost thou loue me *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Doe I loue you quoth ye, It cuts my very heart strings, doe I loue you? why tis the onely marke my lttueours shee or at.

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*Mop.* If thou dost not hit the mark, then thou'rt a very bungler: but where is my Father?

*Dor.* Why I haue sent him and your mother out of the way of purpose, and appointed *Manasses* to meet vs this euening at *Adonis* Chappell in the *Amasons* apparell, to marrie vs: I thinke this are signes I loue you.

*Mop.* I but you ieast, I doubt you will not marrie me.

*Dor.* Will you meete me there?

*Mop.* As I am a Virgin I will.

*Dor.* And come with an intent to marrie me?

*Mop.* As I hope to be a wife I will.

*Dor.* You must take heed you keepe our purpose close,

*Mop.* As I did the losse of my Maydenhead.

*Dor.* Why haue you lost it then?

*Mop.* Many a deere day agoe, yet I told Nobody on't but my Mother and our Horsekeeper, and they say I am nere the worse mayd for that, and I can keepe my owne counsell, as I hope I shal; but will you meete me soone?

*Dor.* Iust in the mid-way, as *Tilters* doe.

*Mop.* Ile goe afore and stay, but doe not deceiue me, and you doe, Ile shew my Fathers Horsekeeper all as God mend me.

*Dor.* So *tria sequuntur tria*, now am I rid of a triumurie of foolles, and by there abience haue won a free accessle to an escape.

If my *Lisanders* hope proue like to this,  
This night shall Crowne vs Monarchers of our blisse, *Exit.*

*Enter Duke and Lisander.*

*Duke.* No more of these delayes sweet Madam, your loue hath broken day oft with my expectance, I dare giue it trust no longer.

*Lisa.* I confesse it my Liege, and like a spent Deare, not able to maintaine longer flight, I cast my selfe downe breathlesse at your lous mercie: yet I beseech your Maiestie, let not your eager desires, practise any present violence vpon my yeelding chastitie: twas onely possession of my loue you had in chace, which with conuenient time & place purchased, I put your grace in full possession of.

*Duke.* Although thy Breath be neuer but Musicall, yet it neuer taught the string of true happines till now: and to approue thy heart

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heart sets hand to thy word, appoint the time,

*Lisa.* Then this present euening ( and yet my Virgin blood,  
and ahamd to consent to the betraying of my modestie ) meete  
me at *Adonis* bower, where ile make tender of subdued chastetie  
to your high Maiestie, as my firſt & most victoriuous conquerour.

*Duke.* By my Imperiall Globe, and hope of those loyes, thy  
presence shall bring to inrich me with, ile meete thee, and make  
thee Queene ouer the most submisſe Captiue that euer loueooke  
prisoner.

*Lisa.* If you deceine me.

*Duke.* Not except warme life,

Deceine my voice of their innatiue heate.

Then halt ſlow time, exchange thy leaden ſleece,

For *Florins* wings till I my faire hopes meete.

But lockt once in the armes of my delight,

Cloth all the world in an eternall night.

And ſteed of morning when the Sunne ſhould riſe,

They ſhall ſee two in my *Zelmantes* eyes.

*Exit.*

*Lisa.* So farewell thought I, I haue prepar'd you a *Zelmantes*  
anſwerable to your expectation.

Then triumph in thy will, and let thy thoughts

Proclaime a iubilee my teeming hopes

Are now deliuered of a gracious birth,

Which I haue Chriſtened, opportunitie.

Vnto whole ſhrine in honour of this day,

My thoughts ſhall hold a monthly ſacrifice,

Loue graunt *Demetrius*, meete the like ſucceſſe,

Our paines are crownd with double happineſſe.

*Enter Iulio and Amintor*

*Iulio.* Onely our diſguiſes hold firme, but all other attempts  
meete vntimely deathes, euen in their cradles.

*Amin.* What and wee ſhould acquaint the Ladies with our  
intents,

*Iulio.* T would argue a kind of cowardiſe in our wits, that ha  
ſuch ſuſpectles admittance to there preſence, as this diſguiſe hath  
purchaſed vs, we ſhould not haue that abilitie of inuenture to en-  
tangle'em

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tangle'em in their owne securitie.

*Amint.* Well howsoeuer, we must not dwell long determining for the libertie of stay with *Dametas*, who out of his courteous disposition in detaining our reward, allowed vs the eldest day of our licent abode at Court, is run out.

*Iuli.* Tis very true, and for my part, Ile rather go home with a priuate repulse, then managing any vniuely attempt, become sufferer vnder a publike disgrace,

*Ami.* Thats my very thought, yet that our second ariuall bee not altogether empty of imploiment, lets practise something vpon *Dametas*, and acquaint the world with his coward basenes: in which, he not only detracts from his masters bountie, but looke how as Conduit head or master-spring that is poisoned, doth his best, to infect the whole bodie of the court, with the leprolie of his courtesnesse.

*Iuli.* Theres no action of his begetting can be said to be truly honourable.

*Ami.* How can they when there Father's a mungrell, the Duke out of his honourable bountie commaunded him to reward our traualles with 200. Crownes: and now after two moneths attendance, and enforst delayes: In which time an ordenarie petitioner might haue spent the valew of the reward, he packes vs off with 50. Crownes, his excuse being that his master hath forgot vs, and what he doth, is of his owne bountie, as if the Moone should brag she gaue the world light, when al the luster she hath, comes from the heat of the Sunne.

*Iuli.* Should his villantes be suffered to prosper, they would grow to such height, as the Dukes authoritie should ha much trouble to prune them.

*Ami.* To prevent which, his maiestie shall haue priuate note of it, knew we in whose trust to conduct it,

*Iuli.* Tis an Office verie few dare vndertake, he is so riueted to the Dukes good opinion.

*Ami.* Lyes there no iarre twixt none of the Nobilitie and him, what say you *Zelmanes*?

*Iuli.* The gallant *Amasor*: you could not ha cast your choyce fitter, for her honorable minde maintaines deadly feud against his base proceedinges: and heere she comes, attended by *Dametas* seruant, lets waite on oportunitie.

*Exit*

## The Ile of Guls.

Enter *Lisander* and *Demetrius*.

*De. Lisander.*

*Lis. Demetrius.*

*Iulio. Lisander* and *Demetrius*, stand close, of my life we are come to the birth of some notable knauery.

*Ant.* How blowes the winds of our hopes?

*Lisand.* Fayr to the point of our expectation, I haue made away the Duke and the Du tch.

*Dem.* How made away them? poysond them.

*Lis.* with a confection of loue, which I haue so tempered with fair promises, as theyr minds are in loues heauen already: *Violet* is in *Adonis* bower, wher this euening I haue giuen em my word to meet em; but I haue so cast it, that *Manasses* shall meete em in my steele.

*Dem.* Twil be a rare seean of myrth, to hear what costly discourses thile bestow vpon the foole in thy outside.

*Iulio.* De you heare that.

*Hipo.* yes, thanke loue and my eares, but list the conclusion.

*Lisa.* I haue cleard the way to *Violetta*, but what order hast thou tane, with thy burbolts: *Dameta*, *Myso*, and amorous *Mopso*.

*Damet.* shot em away, at three seuerall markes, yet so conueyd it that in the end they shall all meet at *Adonis* chappell.

*Lisau.* This proiect cannot but bring forth some notable deceipt.

*Iulio.* My hopes should want of thyer will, and it do not.

*Lisand.* Now we haue made a smooth passage to our escape, how shall conuey our louer out of the Iland.

*Dem.* I haue determined of that fir, and better to effect, my boy this time hast cast such a bait of knauery to the two Captaines, *Kalander* and *Philonax*, as we may passe without suspicion.

*Lisau.* But how for transportation.

*De.* I am furnisht of that to, you remember the two Lacedemon intelligencers

*Hip.* Now what of vs.

*Iulio.* Hold my life, we shall be put in this scast of gullery.

*Lisau.* Oh in any case.

*Dem.* For the loue of Cupid do, inquiris past, lets take our entrance, and passe over the stage like mures, to furnish out a showe.

*Lisau.* And see occasion like a kind wench presents em in the very instant my honest friends welcome, haue you not your dispatch

## The Ile of Guls.

with a letter to Lacedemon.

*Amt.* Madam we haue, and stay onely to take our leaues of your Ladiship, and know what seruice your honor will command.

*Lise.* you haue my thanks, for the truth is, I must commit businesse of much import vnto your trust, and to preuent much circumstances take my word, you are not ignorant of the kings generall challenge.

*Julio.* About his daughters.

*Lise.* you vnderstand me, with these few crowns receiue my mind which is to conuey the 2, ladies whome we in these disguises haue wooon to Lacedemon,

*Amt.* were we but confirmed of your of estates.

*Lise.* wele giue your sufficient assurance of that and the princeesses themselues shall confirme it.

*Julio.* we craue no better madam, but shall we not ha yours honors company.

*Lise.* No : hauing brought them aboard, weele make retorne to the Duke, to let him vnderstand we stole not our prizes but wooon them manfully at the point of wit.

*Amt.* A noble resolution.

*Julio.* His foile wil appeare the more palpable, and your conquest the more applausable, where shall we receiue the Ladies.

*Dem.* Be that our care, but on your liues be heedful of your safe

*Amt.* More then of our own my lord, (ties,

*Dem.* Inough whilst you attend weele to the Duke, and play all guls or none.

*Julio.* All Guls indeed since you had follies whip,  
No guls, to all guls, foolles loue fellowship.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter wifo and Mop.*

*wifo.* Looke well to mine Assfe ther, lord how I swear with anger; this sames the house sure, and now like a wise Lady let me count my hurts, and see how I shalbe reuengd : it shalbe so, ile haue em both carted, and manasses shal go afore like a whiffer and make way with his horns, where be these whores : open the dore, wher be these panders : O that I were not a lady : I could scold like a butter-whore, *Ent. wifo.* whose there a gods name, lord for his mercy is the woman mad. *wifo.* : yes I thanke ye foit : horn mad, wheres your companion wheres the old leacherous goat my husband, open the doore I say. *wifo.* Iesus for thy mercie sake madam, what do I want.

## The Ile of Gulls.

*Mis.* what do I want, the chiefe implement a woman should haue I want that as a woman cannot be without, I mean my husband, I want *wife*, your husband, I sawe him not as I am an honest woman, *mi.* not as you are an honest, so I think, but as you are an arrant whore you did, you must haue your Creuishes with a pox cannot Citty Maunchet and fresh cod-serue your turne, but you must haue Court cake-bread and Creuishes with a vengeance, but come giue me my husband, or ile haue him out of the flesh on thee, and yet I will not scold neither.

*wife* Pray Madam ha patience: what should your husband do here *mis.* That which he should do at home with his wife, and he were worth his eares. *wife*, Lady I protest I do not know him,

*mis.* Not know him, thou liest in euery vaine ith hart thou lyeest, thou knowest him, and as Adam knew Eue thou knowest him, hee hath bene as inward with thee, as euer he was with me, he hath by his own confession he hath, & thou deniest it, thou liest in thy throat like a Puritanicall whore as thou art, O that I were a butter-whore for an houre I might scold a little.

*wife* Madam they are no honest men that bring these tales to you

*mis.* Men bring tales to me, I desie thee in thy guts, I desie thee, men bring tales to me, thou takest me to be one of thine own church doct: they are no honest men that bring tales to thee and ha wiues of their own, and my husbands one of them, go thy waies now.

*wife* I beseech you in adam do but heare me.

*mis.* Hear thee, I haue heard too much of thee, too too much too much, wheres my husband, bring forth my husband, ile teach him to put a difference berwixt Ioan and my ladie I hold him ten pound ont, and yet I wil not scold neither, and I had bin an old hag past tea ming as his whore is a puritan, it had bid somewhat, but being a wo man of Gods making, and a ladie of his own, and wearing mine own haire which is much in a ladie of my standing I can tel you, o vile me thus, flesh and blood cannot induet, let me come in, open the dore let me come in, O tha: I were anie vile thing in the world but a la die that I might scold a little.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Kalandar and philanax Demet, boy.*

*Boy.* So, so, so, take your places, for the same bald pated oke is the stage, where ye shall see the part of a doting foole performed by an old man and a young wench,



## The Ile of Guls.

Do worshipfull *Dametis*,

The same man,

Hath he no fellow actors in his most lamentable, commical, historical, tragicall, muscical, pastoriall,

*Boy* None that require any mouching but his Assie and himselfe, marry then he has Signer Mattocke, a very sharpe lastyricall humorist, and Mounser le spade, but he goes somewhat more bluntly to his businesse, yet heele serue for mutes, and as good as the best to furnish out the stage.

*Kal*, But dares *Dorus* being but *Dametis* seruant so abuse his maister thus grossely.

*Boy* O Lord Sir, their ha ben seruing men haue done their Maisters farre greater abuse, yet had their wiues conceald it, their eares should neuer haue bin acquainted with it.

*Phi*, Is that a fashion in request.

*Boy* Altogether Ile assure you, but obedience Gentleman the seane begins.

*Enter Dametis with mattocke and spade*

*Kal*, Pray God it be good he staies so long,  
Ridiculous enough, and good enough.

*Dametis*, So, stand Assie, stand gentle Assie.

*Ka*, What countreimen is his Assie he speakes so familiarly to him.

*Boy* Ash Citry breede, marrie he picks vp his lyuing ath burs and nettles that grow about the Court gate.

*Dametis*, be in readines good mattocke, play thy part sweet spade, let me see *Dianas* oke & I held *Dianas* oke deuine, true pure gold honest, *Dorus*, fortunate *Dametis*.

*Ka*, An excellent comedyan, what life he puts into his part.

*Da*, So, by thy leauie stone, by thy patience honest stone, the very grauell fauours of treasure, this fames the bed chamber of my Lady *Pecunia*, and see, see some of her golden haies, more, more, more yet diuine tree, pure gold, honest *Dorus*, fortunate *Demetrius*, softly, softly, not to fast, let me not deuoure my content too greedily least like a cormorant I take a surfet ont.

*Phi*, Oh take heed of that maister in anie case.

*da*, Pure mettle, excellent gold: but let me see now, I shall by computation haue some three millions of them, I some three or foure millions, how shall I imploy em to make the most profit of em.

## The Ile of Guls.

em.

*ds.* That would be knowne indeed.

*ds.* Ile put out one million to vse, after the rate of seuen score to the hundreth : and yet I wnot, no fie, for then you wil ha my humor brought ath stage for a vsurer ; to preuent with scandalous report, ile put it into my Scribe-maiors hand, and he shall deale for mee.

*Kal :* There is a simple cloake to couer his villany.

*Phil :* Tis a very short one, : and passing sliue to hude his knauerie.

*boy.* it cannot chose but be seene through.

*dam :* An other Million ile lay to bestow in Offices. I wil haue welth or ile rake it out ath kennels else, chimnies ha smoakt for alreadye, and now ile deale vpon sea-cole and salt, now, now, now, it comes, sweet gold, honest Dorus, fortunate Demetrius, diuine gold, how, how, shal I adore thee, O let me do the homage of my knees : now nowe, for the tongue of a Poet, tho I hate poetrie worse then any of the seauen deadly finnes, I could wish my selfe a Poet for some houre, to write a Poem in the praise of my diuine mistres ; and see the verie bed wherein her diuinitie is lodged : happy, happy, thrice *boy.* happie Dametas, now like an oreioid louer, let mee open the sheets of my heauenlie mistris, with reuerence, so with humble reuerence, and like a blushing louer that puts out the light ere he presumes to touch the bed of his loue so let me darken the candles of my bodie, mine eies, and first blesse my hands with touching, next inrich mine ears with hearing, and lastlie make happie my eies with seeing, and let them convey the ioy down into the bosome of my thoughts, by degrees, softly by degrees.

*Phil :* Did you ever see Asse make such a ceremonious preparation

*dam :* be not offended sweet mistris that I presume to touch,

*phil :* a fooles head of your owne, (bel.

*Kal :* Has a bin at any cost of al this inuocate for a coxcomb and a

*phil :* beshrow my iudgement but he deserues it,

*boy :* And his desert were neere so much, he could but beare away the bel, and so you saie he doth :

*ds :* A coxcombe and a bel, oh indignity : damnable ok, vile and euil accurst Dorus, vnfortunate Dametas, Diana I tel thee thou art no honest goddes to vse a Gentleman thus. What here a writings, your helpe good spectacles, lend me your helpe good spectacles, some comfortable newes good spectacles :

## The Ile of Guls.

*Whoeach his hire hath well his labours plast,  
Earth thou dost seeke, and store of earth thou hast.  
He that vaine hopes pursues for loue of pelfe,  
Shall loose his wits and likely finde himselfe,  
Then thinke thy paines rewarded well,  
Thou broughtst the foole, beare backe the bell:  
Of other matters what ensues  
Adonis bower shall tell the newes,*

Villanous poetry, I am made a flat foole by poetry,  
But though I can do em no further disgrace, my fatall curse,  
a Wronged gentlemen's fatall curse dwell euer vpon them, Diana  
Heere me, and let my words finde gracious acceptance.

*Kal.* Hide your heads, the terrible curse comes like a ston vpon you  
*Da.* Rancor, spite, mallice, hate, and all disasters,

Strengthen my faith against all portassors,  
May their intents be pure as christall glasses,  
Be counted faults and capitall trespasses,  
O may their liues and labour industrie,  
Though worthy of Apolloes plaudit be  
The clearest thought in loyalty excelling  
Be by some Dor presented for libelling,  
when they haue writ a sceme in which their braines,  
Haue dropt there dearest sweetes, and their sworn vaines,  
Emptied their Cundits of their purest spirit,  
As they stand gaping to receiue their merit,  
In sted of plaudities their chiefeest blisses  
Let their deserts be crown'd with mewes and hisses:

Behinde each post and at the gallery corners,  
Sit empty guls, slight fooles and false informers,  
Let some lye Foxe out of discreations embers,  
Term them the lands vnecessary members,  
And like the deere when they haue spent their breath,  
to make kings sport let them betorne to death,  
Euen by their friends, twould set my thoughts a twanging  
Might I but see one of them go to hanging.

*1 Cap.* A passing strange curse and no question he has traueled far for  
some of the rimes, *2 Cap.* He must traquile further that finds any rea-  
son int, *1 Cap.* No matter for reason theirs rime enough and that be  
good. *2 Cap.* Some of it is no better then it should be, or my iudge-  
ment deceiues me, *1 Cap.* Sure he had some reason to make this rime,

## The Ile of Guls.

and a man could pick it out, a *Cap*, rather then ile be counted inquisitive, mine eares shal content themselves with the times onely, and leaue the reason to the scanning of poets whom it more neerly concerns. 1 *Cap*, But wheres the wag that invited vs to this banquet of mirth shrunke in the wetting?

2 *cap*: tware a rare iest now if whilst the boy kept vs heere in expectation of Dametas gullery his M: had made an escape with the duks daughters, 1 *cap*: that or some knauey else vpon my life, i had the boy in shrowd suspision at the first.

2 *cap*. And this his suddaine and stolne departure, confirms it currant 2 *cap*: then we are sped, for in suspitions face, I see some futtle stratagem in chafe.

*Enter miso and Manasses wife?*

*Wife*: Will your lordship beleue me now: nay and I said your worship may swert, tho I haue but a (poore as to say) hole of mine own I hope the spirits haue more denomination ouer me, then to make it a common slaughter house of carnallity where euery iacke may command flesh for his mony, *miso*: No more words sweet woman I confesse I was in the wronge, there is not the hole the Foxe hides his head in: and therefore for the loue of womanhood conceale mine errors, for howsoeuer I complaind tis thy forhed aks, thy temples ha the terrible blow as the say, thy husband is a bad man. *Wife*, my husband: *miso*: I, I, good woman thy husband: he is as I say a fleshly member and I fear he hath ouercome the foolish thing my daughter, *Wife* your daughter ile slit her nose by this light and she wer ten ladies, twas not for nothing my husband said he should meete her this enening at Aeonis chappel, but and I come to the godspeed ont, ile tel em ont soundly? *miso*: I do good woman tel em ont, & spare not but in any case do not scold. *Wife*: Why may not a gentlewoman scold in a good case: *miso*: I know not what a gentlewoman do in a good case, but a lady must not in any case:

*Wife*: tho I may not scold I may tel em roundly ont I hope,

*miso*: that may you dolawe,

*Wife*: and ile not be mealely mouthd I warrant em, wif you bears me company to the chappell maddam?

*miso*. withall my hart mistris, what Dorus hath giuen me, ile giue my friend, no soole to company.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus quinti, scena prima.*

*Enter*

## The Ile of Guls.

*Enter the duke as adonis bowes*

Farewell bright sunne thou lightner of all dies  
thou fallest to giue a brighter beame to rise,  
Each tree and shrub were trammels of thy haire,  
But these are wiers for none but kings to weare,  
And my rude tongue stripping to blaze her forth,  
Like a bad artseman doth disgrace her worth,  
but heeres the place, vpon this christall streame:  
Where *Cubera* did vnyoake her teame  
Of siluer doves, to interchange a kisse  
With young *Adonis* shall I meete my blisse:  
The gentle minits crownd with christall flowers,  
Looing there youthes, are growne vp perfect bowers,  
To hasten my delight, the bashfull moone  
that since her dalliance with *Endimior*,  
Durst neuer walke by day is vnder saile,  
In steede of sheetes has spred her siluer vaile,  
Each gliding brooke and euery bushy tree  
Being tipt with siluer were her liuery,  
And the dim night to grace our amorous wars,  
Hath stuck nine Iphcares full of immortall stars,  
In sted of pearles the way on which she treads  
Is strawd with Christa'l deu and siluer beades.

*Enter Diuibel.*

She comes, her secte makes musicke with the ground,  
And the chaste ayre is ravisht with the sound,  
My soule flies forth to meete her: hell my wife,  
Her preface like a murtherer driues the life  
Out of my pleasures breast, her ielous tie  
Enuyes the heauen of my felicity.

*Duc.* Zelmane, or my husband life or hate.

*K.* What makes old Autum out a bed so late,  
that snow should goe a wooing to the sunne  
When one warme kisse works her confusion.

*Duc.* I haue the iest, suspicion that keepes  
Court in my husbands thoughts, seeing my loue,  
Elect this walke, hath brought him after him,

*K.* She dogs her sure, and she to shake her off  
Hath raine some other walke Ile place mine eare  
in distance of her will.

Cold

## The Ile of Guls.

Dut. Could I but heare the *innocent* deliuey of his breath,  
twould be a second iubile of mirth.

Da. Heere comes my loue.

*Enter Manasses like Lifander.*

Dut. your loue? Alasse poore Duke,  
Your forward hopes will meete a barren spring,  
My sunne appears.

Da. Fie your loue speakes to loude,  
Your sunnes eclipsht, your date vpon a cloude.

Dut. See how his armes like precious phenix wings,  
Spredd to embrace me.

Da. Now the Cucko sings,  
Those amorous armes do make a golden space  
To hug a Duke.

Dut. But ile fill vp the place.

Da. Those fingers tipt with curious porphery,  
Staining Pigmaliions matchlesse imagery,  
Like amorous twins all of one mother nurst,  
Contend in curtisie who should touch me first.

Dut. should touch me first: their strife is vnderooke,  
To twine a young bay not a faire stooping oake.

Da. Young bay, stale iest, that a dry saplesse inde  
should hold young thoughts, and a licentious minde,  
Were he but gone now.

Dut: Were the Duke away,  
My hopes had got the better of the day.

Man: This is Adonis chappell, I wonder they come not, tho I  
beare a litle learning about me, and a few good clothes, I wold not  
wisham to make Balams asse a me: for though many fooles take no  
felicity but in wearing good clothes (tho they be none of their own)  
I haue a further reach in me.

Da: I could ban my stars.

Dut: I curse my fate.

Da: That crosse me thus.

Dut: Make me vnfortunate.

Da: Alas good lady, how her pretty feet labour to finde me.

Dut: that my hopes should meete such blacke euents.

Da: O would the trindly night darken her selfe.

H

would

## The Ile of Guls.

*Dut.* Would the Moone lose her light,  
That in the bosome of some foggy cloud  
I might embrace my loue.

*Duke* But night is purblind  
To make a Duke a slaue.

*Dut.* To make a Ditches  
wrestle with amorous passions.

*Duk,* life a spleene  
Could my rough breath like a tempestious wind,  
Blow out heauens candles, leaue the world starke blind,  
That it might either haue no eies to see :  
Or vse those eies it hath to pleasure me.

*Dut.* Or vse those eies it hath to pleasure me. *man.* Who would  
ha thought the cold had bene so good a musition : howe it plaies  
vpon my chappes, and maketh my teeth skippe vp and downe my  
mouth like a company of virginall Iackes, but I find small musicke  
in it, and Mopsa should come now I could doe her little good, yet  
and she were here, she and I would haue about at cob-nut or at che-  
ri-pit or somewhat to keep our selues from idlenes, tho she be but  
a foole, the bables good enough to make sport with all in the darke  
and that very word hath started her.

*Enter Mop.*

*Mop,* whose there Manasses.

*man,* yes Mopsa.

*mop.* plain *Mop.* I might be madam *Mopsa* in your mouth, good-  
man &c, whers Dorus.

*man,* why because he wil not be saide to make too much hast to a  
bad bargaine, he is not come yet.

*mop,* not come, a pescod on him, but als one I thought at first he  
would make but a foole on me.

*man,* would you haue him mend Gods wormanship?

*mop,* But chose him, since he hath buld me with an vrchin, ile goe  
fetch Raph our horkkeeper, let him that got the calfe keep the cow  
in a knaues name and he wil, ha you your booke heere.

*man,* no matter wench, I can dote wel inough without booke,

*mop.* Nay and ye can dote wel inough your selfe, I care for neither  
of them both, but indeed I loue to haue a thing wel done, for saies  
my mother, a thinge once wel done, is twice done, and I am in her  
mind for that vp and downe,

*Dut,*

## The Ile of Guls.

*Dm*, Whose with my Lord the Duke, it cannot be,  
Mine eie would not conceale such trechery.

*Dm*, Tis not the Dutches sure, no it is amarus Ioue,  
that seeing Zelmane passionate for loue,  
Descends to comfort her, Ioue if there be  
A powerful Phebus God of poetry,  
In deare remembrance of faire Daphnes rape,  
to win my loue, lend me some stranger shape,  
Such as your selues haue worne, that when your fame  
is sung by poets, they maie cote my name,

*Dm*, Sure tis my daughter,

*Duk*, Daughter: how her eie

Cuts out new formes, new shapes of ieaiousie:

*Dm*, As sure as death tis she, for see they stand  
like amarus twins, intwisted hand in hand,  
Breast against breast, and that no ioy be missing,  
To heare discourse, their lips keepe time with kissing,  
Ile not indur' t impatience grow strong,  
And tho a prince, tel him he doth thee wrong.

*duk* Do preethe do, this sweetens al the rest,  
But here would be the elixir of the iest,  
if whilst we kept each other at a baie,  
A third should come, and beare the hare away.

*Enter dametas.*

*dam*, villanous poetrie, vnchristianlike poetrie, I am cozend of my  
by poetrie, robd of my charge by poetrie, made an apparent foole  
by poetrie, vilanous Oke, accurst Dorus, vnfortunat Dametas: whose  
there my daughter and with Zelmane? a wel-willer to Dorus, a fa-  
uorite to poetrie, and therfore enemie to Dametas, come hither *mop*  
*so*, a thy fathers blessing come not neare her: what *Mopsa*.

*mop*. yes, whose thiere? Dorus.

(*golde Hippolita*,

*dam*. Confusion a Dorus, I am thy miserable father, didst not see

*mop*. no by my troth not I? Did ye not see Dorus. (*of Hippolita*,

*dam*. Poxe of dorus / am vndone madam and thou telst mee not

*mo*, Pox a Hippolita, I am a dumbe weman and you can tel me  
newes of Dorus

*da*, I had rather see ten doruses hangd then lose Hippolita,

*mo*, I had rather see ten fathers damd then lose my sweet dorus,

*da*, I shal run mad and I find not Hippolita,



## The Ile of Guls.

*Mop* : I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus.

*Dur* : Whats heere, I shall run mad for *Hipolita*.

*duke* : And I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus, I hold my life we haue some comedy in hand, we shall haue a full sceane, for here comes more actors.

*Enter Mopso and Manasses wife.*

*Wife* Assures I am a sinner to God madam, that sames he.

*miso* What with a brace of wenches, I faith olde brocke, haue I tane you in the maner, is this the fruits of your lying alone ? is this your court custome with a wanion, lend mee thy knife, tho I had neither house, nor land to giue em, ile bestow a whores marke betwixt you. and yet I will not scold neither.

*mep* : What a gadycere aile you mother, are you frampall, know you not your owne daughter.

*miso*. *Mopso*, O insufferable wrong, make thine own natural child thy bawd,

*duke* Heeres an excellent patterne for wiues to learne to scold by

*miso*. What mistres Amason, ha you such a cocking spirit, honest Women cannot keepe their husbands at home for you : tis not for nothing now I see, that the Dutches lookes yellow on you, but ile teare that painted whores face of yours (by this light.) and yet I wil not scold neither.

*man* Madam,

*miso* : ile mad you with a vengeance.

*The duke and dutches step both forth and restrain her.*

*dur*, Touch not the prince.

*duke* On your alleagance forbear, what means this outrage, cannot our priuate walks be priuiledged from your wilde contentious.

*dur* : how fares the prince.

*duke* : How cheares my good Zelmane ?

*man* : Zelmane, no Gods my iudge my liege, I am Manasses, miserable Manasses, your husbands scribe-majour madam.

*dur* : Manasses,

*duke* : A foole.

*mif*. My man.

*Wife* And my deere head, alis sweet loue, what makest thou heer.

*m*, Mary worke for the hangman, and the Duke be not the more mercitul.

*duke*

## The Ile of Guls.

*duke* There's some deceit in this, Dametas, wheres Hippolita?

*dam*: I, I, theres som knauery in this: Mopso wheres Hippolita?

*mop*: doubtles theres some villany in this, Meplo whers Hipolita?

*mep*: Thers no plaine dealing in this, Manasses wheres Dorus?

*Gry*: Answer directly, wheres Hippolita?

*dam*: Alas madam I knowe nor, whilst I almost melted my selfe with digging of gold in Dianaes oke, I left her in my wiues charge

*wife* And whilst I ran to Manasses, thinking to take my husband & his wife in the manner, I left Hipolita in my daughters chamber

*man*: and whilst I came to Adonis chappel to be tost in my marriage blankets with Dorus, I left my little dog pearl plucking dazies:

*duke* Who sent you to Dianaes oke to dig gold?

*Gry*: who sent you to take your husband in Manasses house?

*wife*: *dorus*.

*duke* who sent you to Adonis chappell.

*mep*: *dorus*:

*duke* And who turnd you into this shape:

*Man*: They that I feare haue made guls of vs all, *Zelmans*, and *dorus*:

*duke*: we are all simply gulde, and see where the Sunne scarce halfe ready, skippes from his Easterne bed, smiling at our gullery:

*Enter Lisander and demetrius.*

*dem*: Come wheres this lusty wit-maister.

*Lisa*: the keeper of this loue-lottery,

*dem*: This gallant *Inuentus* of fouricore, that like my Lady of the Lake, displates against al commers.

*Lisan*. May a couple of plaine witted princes haue a sight of your prizes:

*dem*: Where be these Ladies ha? ha your wits had such a skirmishing that the two maides haue lost their heads in the conflict.

*dem*: Heads, and bodyes to my Lorde, and all at one shot, and which is worse our wits are so scattered with the terrible blow that to be plaine we are scarce our owne men againe.

*dem*: then you haue had some knocking,

*man*: so it appeares by the storie my Lord:

*Lisan*: How say you my lady, what Oule sings out of that sly bush

*dem*: was your wit knighted in this last action?

*man*: I am not such a foole, I loue my lord, I am no knight, I am Manasses, they made a plaine foule.

## The Ile of Guls.

*Dem*: the onely were, for the gaurded foole is out of request: but faith my liedge how did your opposites behaue themselves, did they win the Wenches faire at the point?

*Du*: At the very push of inuention, and went off cleere vntoucht,

*Lisa*: And could you draw no blood of their wits?

*Du*: Not a drop.

*Lisa*: Nor demetrius neither, nor Manasses?

*Du*: Neither, to our owne disgrace be it spoken, the carriage of their stratagem deserues applause, and I held it a credit to rest captiue to such valiant conquerors?

*Lisa*: Why so be, I like a man that wil confesse his error.

*Da*: It meritts comisseration madam and my liege, not to detract from our worth: your eare, we two are the parties you wot on.

*Du*: Ware you the men?

*Lisa*: No he was the man, mary I was the woman in the moone, that made you walk al this last night like the man in the mist, I could say somewhat to you to Madam as for demetrius & his man let them stand like fooles as they are.

*Du*: Can it be possible.

*Da*: No, no, we are guls, Innocent sots, but lante tanta, the girles are ours we haue won em away to dargison.

*Lisa*: Come we haue won the conquest, and thats sufficient.

*Da*: You are a manasses tis not sufficient: aha not Hercules for iole, Ioue, for Danue, Apollo for daphene, pan for Sirne, nay the whole pack of their piperly godheads could a dischargd a stratagem with more spirit of al merit, an ambling nag and a downe downe we haue borne her away to dargison.

*Enter Iulia and Hippolita.*

*duc*: Twas the most rarest, diuine, Metaphisicalst, piece of inuention, that, what say you my leige.

*Du*: I giue your desarts their full merritt you haue gotten equality

*iulio*: All the wenches gaue you:

*Da*: Alas what spirks vnder the moone could haue detainer but know that her cherry red lip, a downe, a downe.

*Hip*: Trust me but you haue deserued high commendation.

*iulio*: Your merritt stood of the vpper staire of admiration.

*Dem*: Why thou hast a pretty relish of wit, now that canst see the broad ey of my desert at a little hole of demonstration.

*iuli*: your desert saue me free, you haue done a most (to vse your own

## The Ile of Guls.

phrase) Metaphysicall piece of seruice, but you had some helpe in questionles, *Hip*: I do not thinke but the ladies had some hand in:

*da*, A finger, I confesse a finger by the hope of perseuerance; a very litle finger. *iuli*, I thought asmuch by the making of the iest. *Hip*, I cannot detract from the ladies worth, for I knowem for excellent work women, *dam*, work women fit to make tailors men.

*Hip*. I by my faith do I, nay your best tailors are arrant botchers to em, you shal haue a lady make an end of a sute, a court sute, especially when all the tailors in a countrey know not how to set a stich in: *dorus*, Some ordinary sute perhaps.

*Hip*: your best court suits that are, are finished by ladies, I haue known a suit my selfe lien a making and maring 3, 4, and five yeare together and then a lady hath despacht it in a month with a wet finger, such a finger might the ladies haue in your plot.

*da*, neuer wet a finger by this sun.

*iuli*. Then she helpt you with one dry iest or other, but and we may be so bold: faith where are the ladies?

*da*, sure enogh I warrant you, some fooles now would haue kept em heare and haue becue guld on em againe, and laught at age, but to preuent all danger, we haue shipped em home for Lacedemon,

*iuli*: to Lacedemon, your sunne of wit shines but dimly in that methinkes, to whose charge haue you trusted em?

*Lisan*: to them we durst, nay you must thinke wee are no fooles,

*in*. Fooles: nay deepe wit, and pollicy forbid.

*Da*, We had no sooner their surprisall, but we had disguise ready, a ship ready, a couple of lusty friends ready, the Lacedemons intelligencers: *iuli*, durst you trust such pretious iewels in such rusty caskets: *da*: durst, our health, our liues: why they were my tenants, nay you must thinke we sifted them, we are no fooles in that neither.

*hip*: If in any thing your wits deserue the bable tis in that,

*iuli*: none but fools wold haue committed such inestimable peeres to a couple of strangers:

*hip*: And in a ship to,

*in*: And vnder saile to.

*dus*: And vnfurnisht of friends to.

*da*: And without shipping to follow em to.

*in*. you were no fooles in any thing but that, & in that not to flatter, you expresse the true shape of folly and merely merit the name of fools. *da*. What will you saie now when these fellows surrender vs our loues?

## The Ile of Guls.

*Aunt* Weele discharge you and set their names down for gulls in your stead.

*De* : you know the prouerbe when the skie falls we shal haue larks.

*Lisan* : And when you can bring prooffe that we are cosend of our Wenches weele be the woodcocks.

*Julia* : Why then we haue once springed a couple of woodcockes.

*Enter Violletta and Hippolita.*

*Aunt* : Doe you know these? Who are the fooles now?

*deme* : *Violletta*.

*Lisand* : My *Hippolita* :

*dam* : What a strange change is heere :

*Hippo* : yes saith gallants you haue very strange carding and you knew al, but I hope youle offer vp your cards and yeild the set lost.

*dam, Guls* :

*Lisan* : And abus<sup>t</sup> ile loose my life before I loose my honor,

*dam*. Honor, and life before ile loose my loue :

*Draw*

*De* : Nay gentlemen we bar all violence, the liberty of our challenge was to all alike equally free, and since these by faire play haue won em, it stands with our honor to see them peaceably posselt of em, then surely take em, for though you weare the breeches giue vs leaue to stand a little :

*Hippo* : why father ist not time that we were sped

Tis a great charge to keepe a maidenhead,

Loofe it we must and to preuent il course,

Better to giuet then haue it stolne per force,

if you be pleasd let enuy doe her worst

Spit out her poyson or containt and burst?

Welcome to all, to all a kind god night,

They trewly liue, that liue in scorn of spight.

### FINIS.

In B. the last page, for Lord, read loue cannot be sau'd.

